

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*

Hearthstone

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- **God is One of the Family** — *Jean Conder Soule*
- **The Meaning of Pachuco** — *Jesse C. Burt*

JULY, 1955 • 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Jump Off the Merry-Go-Round

Warm summer days and cloudless sky were made for small boys with fishing poles. Doesn't our cover picture inspire you to assemble your fishing tackle, do a perspiration chemise (a euphemism for sweat shirt) and slacks, and drive away from the heat of the city? "Can't do it," you say. "I can't leave my work at the office" (if you're a businessman or woman). "I have to can and iron and clean the house" (voice of the hausfrau).

Most of us, it seems, are on a perpetual merry-go-round operated by the accelerated society in which we live. We're always in a hurry—and often we don't even know why!

On some hot July day "forget your troubles and just get happy." Jump off the merry-go-round and discover how satisfying life can be at a leisurely pace.

What's Here?—Psychologists, psychiatrists, teachers, and others who work with young people are informing us in stentorian voices that the childish pranks indulged in by youth and children in bygone decades have transmogrified into much more serious crimes—floggings, larceny, theft, forgery, and even murder. These shocking vicissitudes of our culture are vividly described by Jesse C. Burt in an article which all parents should read—"The Meaning of Pachuco." Through Pachuco young people are united in organized crime.

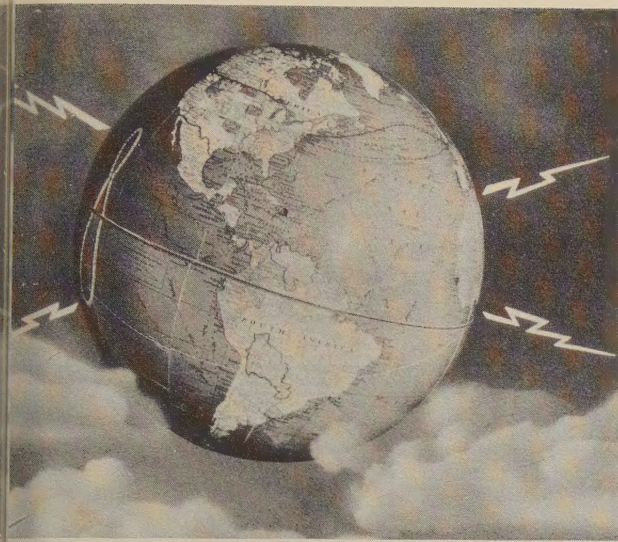
After reading "The Meaning of Pachuco," you'll want to read something on the cheery side. "A Nonsense Party," by Christine Mabry, is just what the doctor ordered. This kind of party will provide your guests with a rollicking good evening.

Can you remember when your family last gathered around the piano for an old-fashioned song fest? If this is a frequent occasion in your home, good for you. If not, you should rediscover the fun and good fellowship that your family can capture through singing favorite songs. If you read Nancy Brewer's article, "Now, You Choose a Song," I'll personally guarantee that you will be inspired to dust your piano keys.

Our fiction for this month is tops, we think. "Out of Our Hearts," by Roland Blackburn, is a story of the emotional struggles of a couple who adopt a child and then have one of their own.

What's Coming?—Parents who deny themselves the luxury of fancy clothes in order that their children may look like la crème de la crème might be very much surprised to learn that the children would like Mater and Pater to spend some of those pesos on themselves. Read all about it next month in Nell Dunkin's article, "Are They Proud of Us?"

Au Revoir,
S. H.



—H. Armstrong Roberts

THE WORLD

people thought they saw a conflict between devotion to their state and to their country. Today we clearly see that the welfare of each of our forty-eight states is best advanced by promoting the welfare of the country as a whole.

"It is also becoming clearer that loyalty to our country, important as that is, is not enough; for no country can effectively meet the great challenges of our day—securing peace, advancing the general welfare of all peoples, or lessening the likelihood of superbomb warfare, for example.

"Our love of our country must not be lessened, but it must grow into an intelligent interest in something bigger, something big enough to attack the tremendous problems we face. The U.N. is the means which we and the other people of the world have devised to attack the problems which are two big for any one country to solve. We must help make it succeed."

Bishop Martin said that the United States needs the United Nations, and the U.N. needs the U.S. more than ever before. "We need the U.N. not because we are weak but because we are strong," he said. "Like all powerful nations, we are tempted to use our power without fully taking into account the needs and interests of other peoples.

"The U.N. is not only a channel of international cooperation but a necessary instrument of restraint on our national action. National interest and international responsibility can be reconciled only when we acknowledge the sovereignty of a God in whose eyes all men are equal."

● Vermont Seeks Curb on Teen-Age Drinking

Montpelier, Vt.—Pressure is growing to secure legislation to combat teen-age drinking in Vermont. Proposals include jail terms for minors, tightening liquor laws to prohibit minors from possessing or carrying alcoholic liquors, stiffening the penalties against teen-agers, and providing a year's term in prison for adults guilty of aiding and abetting the teen-agers in securing intoxicants.

The State Liquor Department has reported a growing amount of drinking by teen-agers in Vermont.

—H. Armstrong Roberts

Clinics to Salvage Marriages

Columbus, Ohio—Court-conducted clinics to salvage marriages about to be broken are proposed in Ohio. Ministers, priests, and rabbis would be among the instructors at the clinics.

The law proposing these clinics would require that principals in an action for divorce or alimony attend an educational series of lectures once a week or until twenty-six lectures had been completed.

These lectures would present the "value of the home as the foundation of the country, the responsibilities of husband and wife to each other and to their children, financial and economic problems of the family, and the reconciliation of all marital problems" involved in the particular situation.

The educational divorce clinics shall be conducted by the Common Pleas Court, and the course shall be instructed by physicians, psychiatrists, trained social workers, and a pool of ministers of all denominations, including priests and rabbis," the proposal asserts.

Call to Strengthen the United Nations

Washington, D. C.—Prominent Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish leaders called here for strengthening of the United Nations and continued United States support of the international organization.

The appeal was made by Dr. Raymond F. McCoy, of the Catholic Association for International Peace; Methodist Bishop William C. Martin of Dallas, Texas; and Dr. David de Solas, rabbi of the historic Shearith Israel Synagogue in New York City.

Dr. McCoy said that one of the questions overshadowing the future of the U.N. centers around "the idea that there is conflict between patriotism and a desire to help make the U.N. work.

"There is no real conflict between the two," he said, "just as there is no real conflict between patriotism and devotion to one's own city or state. There was a time when many

AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



God is one

RECENTLY, we had an unexpected guest for breakfast. God, invited by my four-year-old, came for pancakes and sausage. He was given the seat of honor beside his host and was even provided with a telephone book so that "He can sit up at the table like a big boy."

Needless to say, our household was a bit surprised. My husband and I, still groggy from having been awakened early on a Saturday morning (our only morning to be lazy), found it difficult at first to make our guest welcome. My young son was not just playing a game, however. He was sincere. God *was* at our table, and he must be provided with a knife, a fork, a spoon, a plate, and a coffee cup. He even got the tastiest piece of melon, while Doug gladly shared his meal with his visitor.

When we realized the seriousness of the event, we did our best to enter into the spirit of the moment. I must admit that I had to go into the kitchen on some pretext or other once or twice to hide my smiles. My husband nearly choked on his coffee when Doug piped up with, "Poor God, he's awful hungry. He doesn't get much to eat up in heaven."

This business of having God as our household visitor did not begin at the breakfast table. For the past year or so, both of our children have had personal experiences of this sort. David, our seven-year-old, who has been to Sunday church school ever since he could barely toddle, has amazed us from time to time with his bits of wisdom on the subjects of heaven, Jesus, and the presence of God on earth.

One day while I was ironing in the basement, David jumped up on his daddy's work bench. Using his toy telephone, he put through a long distance call to heaven. After several minutes "central" must have connected him with the proper party, for David asked in all sincerity, "Hello, is God there?" There was no further audible message. After a while he got off the bench and ambled over to play with some toys. He looked as though he had lost his last friend.

"What's the matter?" I questioned him. "Didn't you talk to God?"

"No," he replied. "God wasn't home."

How true for so many of us in this twentieth-century world, I thought as I finished my ironing. For a great number of us superficially busy people, God isn't "home" and perhaps never will be. It took a child to discover what many of us will never find out—that if you only try, you can communicate with him, not by toy telephone, of course, but with thoughtful prayer and earnest meditation. That gave me new meaning, and from then on I have tried to be more responsive to God's "phone" calls in my daily work.

The picture of God as a human being—a real heavenly Father, is a sound one, I believe, though occasionally it does lead to strange misconceptions of what God looks like. Both of our children at times questioned us and each other as to God's appearance. The queries, "Does he have eyes? Does he have a mouth? Can he hear us with his ears?" are common ones at bedtime or even at the dinner table. One day I eavesdropped just long enough to hear my four-year-old describing God to a friend of his who was playing with him. They had been enacting the part of Superman, and from that the play had led to a television program about Rocket Rangers. Doug said, "When the Rangers shoot their ray guns, God ducks behind a cloud, you know; but of course he's got a Space Man suit, and the angels wear them too."

Both of our boys feel that God is a kind man who wants children to be good and to love him. To them God is real—a beneficent heavenly father who in many ways is like their own daddy at his best. I cannot see that this conception is a bad one. Surely youngsters cannot stray far from Christian ideals and teachings if they believe that their God is watching over them in a gentle, friendly way, and that he is the ever-loving being who keeps them safe from harm both day and night.

Once just before they dropped off to sleep, my boys were chattering across the room to each other as they often do. I was in the next room sewing. I heard David telling his brother that God was right there beside him.

e family

by Jean Conder Soule

"In my bed?" asked a sleepy little voice.

"Yes, of course," came the firm reply.

"I don't want him here," sobbed the younger child, whose narrow cot is just about wide enough for his limp self.

"Well, he's there just the same," responded the terminated David. "He's taking care of you, Dougie."

"All right then," said Dougie in a resigned tone. But please tell him to move over."

Of course as they grow older, our children will de-

velop a more mature idea of God. Now, however, with their little imaginative minds going full tilt they paint their own picture of God, which is sometimes amusing and often touching. Never yet have I found their ideas too far fetched or sacrilegious.

Yes, we have found God at the breakfast table, in the basement playroom, in the tub at bath time, and if we must share our beds with him, we will do so gladly. I thank my lucky stars that he's here in our home and that our children have the good sense, the tactfulness, and the faith to make him feel he's one of the family!

God is the unseen guest of this family at the breakfast table. "Poor God," said the author's younger son sympathetically. "He's awful hungry. He doesn't get much to eat up in heaven."

—photo by erb



If parents are not responsible disciplinarians, parenthood is nothing—a mere biological relationship. Mothers and fathers must teach their children, train them, cultivate their characters, and guide them to wholesome activities and worthy lives.

by
Jesse C. Burt

THIS is a time of "agonizing reappraisal" for Americans.

The quoted phrase originated with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. It means to review, to restudy, to try to understand what we are doing and how we can do better. There are many things in America that need reappraisal. Among them is a serious question: What is happening to some American young people?

In Brooklyn, in August, 1954, four teen-age boys seized two men, tortured them with lighted cigarettes, and then beat them to death. After this, they attacked and beat up many others, including two teen-age girls whom they flogged to death.

The leader of the young hood-

States. Members of Pachuco were discovered in G.I. uniform at ten different military installations in various parts of the country.

The police chief of a small southern city located near a military base locked up two members of Pachuco for assaulting a man. Within minutes the jail was attacked by other members of the cult. They tried to storm the place and rescue their fellows.

Discovery of the cult in the armed forces of the United States naturally led to cries of alarm and protest. Many persons have been inclined to say of a troublesome boy, "Just wait until the army gets hold of him. He'll straighten up, then." For many, the army has seemed like an insti-

tute of their delinquency is rising dramatically.

Senator Estes Kefauver has recently pointed out that in the period from 1948 to 1952, the number of juveniles arrested increased by more than thirty per cent.

Dr. Martha Eliot, of the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, reports that in 1952 the number of juveniles in trouble with the law reached more than 1,000,000. Dr. Eliot further points out that police officers are understandably reluctant to arrest a young person—for obvious reasons. In other words, the arrest totals hardly give a clear picture of youthful lawlessness.

The F. B. I. reports that in 1954 persons under twenty-one years of

THE MEANING OF

lums later boasted to police: "It was a night of supreme adventure."

Then came "Pachuco."

Pachuco started as a cult among lawless teen-agers in Mexico.

It is a secret society. Members take a blood oath, and they are pledged to carry deadly weapons at all times. Each member wears a small cross tattooed between his thumb and the forefinger on his right hand.

The members of Pachuco specialize in beatings, floggings, muggings, rape, armed robbery, strong-arm stuff, murder, and dope addiction.

The Mexican cult spread quickly to Los Angeles, and from there into the armed forces of the United

tution for the correction of delinquent youngsters. Pachuco shows that, far from being corrected, boys may even become bad in the army.

What does all this mean? Parents want to know. Authorities want to know. America wants to know. This question forces the reappraisal that many an American is making of the problem of juvenile delinquency.

Today's juvenile delinquency is hardly a matter of "boys being boys" and letting air out of tires, throwing bricks through windows, or annoying the neighbors with childish pranks. The fact is, F. B. I. figures indicate, juveniles frequently commit the worst kind of crimes. Juveniles of all races and classes become delinquent; and the

age accounted for thirty-two and two-tenths per cent of arrests for robbery; forty-six and nine-tenths per cent of arrests for larceny; sixty-one and seven-tenths per cent of the burglary arrests; and sixty-eight and six-tenths per cent of arrests for auto thefts.

More than thirteen per cent of all persons arrested for auto theft were under fifteen years of age. Seventy per cent were boys and girls who were under the age of seventeen years.

In the year 1952, the latest for which full figures are available, thirty-three per cent of all arrests for rape were people under twenty-one years of age.

These are major crimes we are talking about. There is no way of

knowing how many beatings, floggings, muggings, and acts of vandalism go unreported and unpunished.

What is happening to so many of today's boys and girls? Something is wrong to produce all this evidence of delinquency.

Some of the problems surely originate in the nature of today's culture. Young people greatly value "having fun and a good time." They are allowed to spend money freely. They have an advanced knowledge of sex. Indecent comic books and pornographic literature are made available to them. They have grown up in a time when their elders have been characterized by their adulation of the dollar and "a good time."

Today's young people have grown to maturity in unusual times. They have been living in the dreadful moral backwash of World War II. An eighteen-year-old was born in the year 1937. He grew up in a wartime era. After the war there was great prosperity. There was plenty of money to spend, and people seemed eager to spend it, throw care away, and eat, drink, and be merry."

Not all of the problem can be traced to an abstraction such as the moral backwash, however. A large part of the problem can be traced to a lack of discipline and understanding about what discipline is. Discipline means the teaching of self-control, not mere punishment.

Parents have not been disciplinarians. All too often teachers are told by parents, "I know *you* will straighten my child out." Or parents have left dis-

PACHUCO

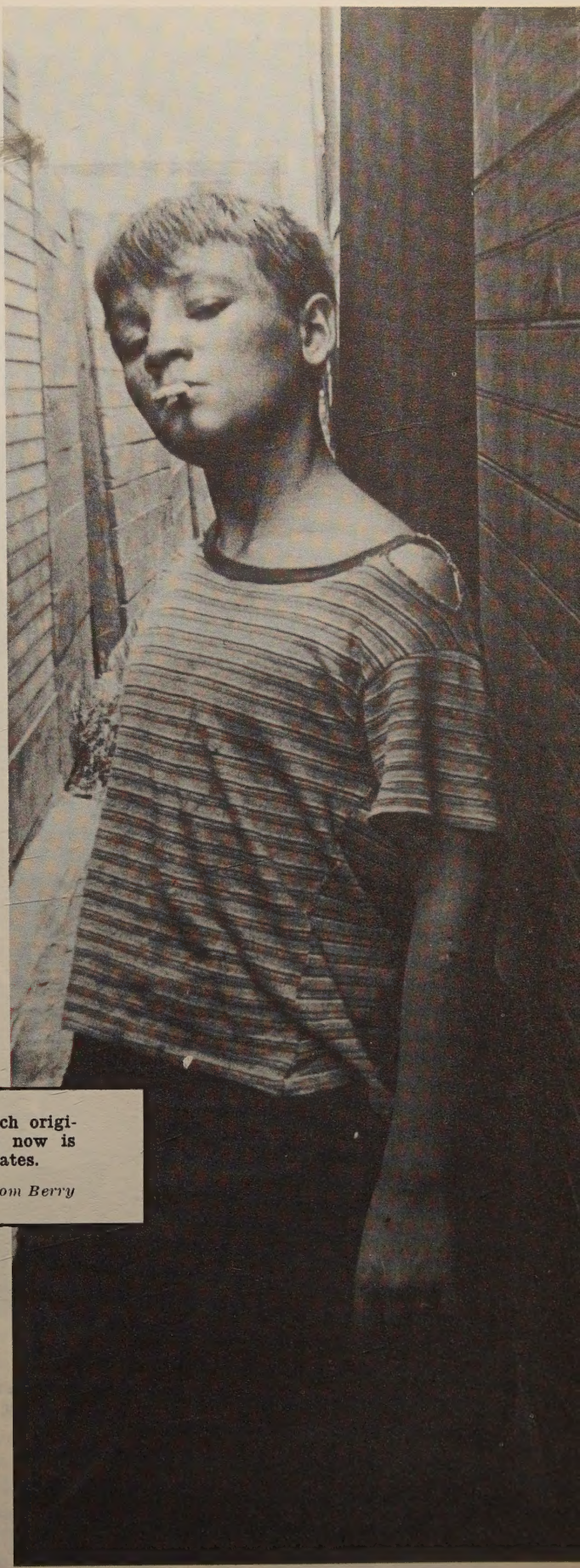
Is this boy a potential Pachuco? A secret cult which originated among lawless teen-agers in Mexico, Pachuco now is spreading rapidly and dangerously in the United States.

—Wallowitch from Berry

discipline to traffic officers, saying: "Oh, they will take care of reckless teen-aged drivers."

Having tried to straighten out a few young people during ten years of teaching experience, the author is convinced that unless the parents help with the discipline, there is little the teachers, youth counselors, YMCA secretaries, drill sergeants, or traffic cops, can do in that regard. God has ordained the family as the basic unit in society, the very foundation upon which a righteous society must depend. If, because of parental indifference or neglect, the family fails to

(Continued on page 28.)



Out of Our Hearts

A Story by ROLAND BLACKBURN

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TIMMINS



Was she dreaming, or imagining that she heard Stevie's voice? So John had gone for him after school! When she looked up at John she knew he had been through a deep emotional ordeal.

THE NURSE announced, "There's another Mrs. Hallowell to see you, Mrs. Hallowell." Janice's cheeks burned, for she knew who it was.

"Could—could you keep her just a minute, please," she asked, "until I tidy up?"

She needed a moment alone before she faced John's mother.

Though she had known Mrs. Hallowell for so long, she was still unable to be in the same room with her without a feeling of uneasiness. But nothing could dim her happiness today, she told herself, staring into the tiny disc of mirror in her hand. She knew she had never looked lovelier, her skin glowing, her dark eyes shining, not even the day she married John, twelve years ago.

But why was she sitting here, wasting time when Stevie must be outside waiting, too!

There was a knock on the door. It opened and a tall, well-dressed woman stood on the threshold and then came across the room.

"Janice! Oh, we're all so happy! I was here last night but I don't suppose you remember."

"Oh, yes I do," Janice smiled. "You and John came in and John said, 'We've got a son, darling. They're going to let me see him in a few minutes,' and he sounded so proud. But where's Stevie?"

She looked at Mrs. Hallowell, smiling. "Didn't you bring him with you?"

Mrs. Hallowell sat down in the chair beside the bed. "I know you wanted me to bring him here after school today, Janice. But he behaved so badly at breakfast this morning that I had to tell him he couldn't come." She hesitated. "I couldn't help saying to John last night that maybe you shouldn't have rushed so to adopt a child, since you were able to have one of your own after all."

The smile died on Janice's face. She lay there without saying another word while Mrs. Hallowell offered some grandmotherly com-

ents about the new baby, later ying, "I have some shopping to o, Janice, so I'd better run along. nd don't worry—we're managing ery well."

THE MOMENT the door closed Janice reached for the telephone nd dialed her home number.

Edith, her unmarried sister who as staying with them for a few ays, answered.

"Yes, I'm fine, thank you," said Janice in response to Edith's eager nquiries, "and the baby's wonder- al. But, Edith, I wonder if you ould come over to the hospital traight away and bring Stevie?"

"I wanted to talk to you about at." Edith sounded breathless. I didn't know whether to tele- hone you or not, but Stevie asn't come home yet."

Janice felt her heart give a urch. "But the school's been out lmost an hour already. Are you ure he isn't playing outside omewhere?"

"I've looked everywhere."

"Why don't you look outside gain and then ring me back? I'll ive you my extension number."

She hung up, suddenly realizing ow exhausted she felt. Of course Stevie was all right. But John's vords of last night, "We've got a on, darling. They're going to let ne see him in a few minutes," ame back to her with cold impact.

Why hadn't he said, "We've got another son, darling"? Because Stevie was their child, their first on, though they had adopted him. But John didn't feel that way about Stevie, so why did she keep blinding herself to the truth?

She was suddenly recalling the scene at home that Sunday after- noon when John had inadvertently ealed his true feelings about Stevie. It had taken place just a few months before the new baby ad been born. John had been fuss- ng around her, asking whether she was quite warm enough, and she had said, laughingly, "You'll spoil me, John, if you keep giving ne so much attention."

Mrs. Hollowell had been with hem at the time. She leaned for- ward and said, "You've got to be careful, Janice. After all, having

a baby of your own isn't as easy as adopting one. You'll find out what it really means to be a mother now."

Janice's hands had tightened on the arms of the chair. She glanced out the window, seeing Stevie playing in the garden.

"I already know what it's like to be a mother!" she exclaimed angrily. "I won't love the new baby any more than I do Stevie!"

"Oh, I don't mean you'll stop loving Stevie," Mrs. Hollowell had gone on. "But you'll find out there's a difference."

Later she had said to John, "A new baby is hard for the other children in any family, and we have to be even more careful in Stevie's case. We've got to help him pull through this so he won't be hurt."

"Of course, darling," John had answered. "But you've always said that it's better for people to be realistic about themselves. Stevie will always know that we adopted him and the new baby is of your own flesh and blood. He'll have to learn to accept that."

What John had said was true enough, but there was something in his words, his tone of voice as he uttered them that disturbed her. As if the difference were bound to affect his feelings, too!

She had felt a wave of panic, and had stood up from her chair, crying, "The new baby isn't going to mean more to me than Stevie. Stevie's—part of me—part of me, too!"

"Don't worry, Stevie will adjust himself to everything," John said, trying to console her. But his words were of no comfort. He had given himself away.

As SHE lay there in the hos- pital bed she tried to drown the hostility she now felt for John. Then a tiny grain of guilt swelled within her. Could it be that she was the one who had failed John? She closed her eyes as if to avoid facing the truth and had the sen- sation of being adrift in water, as though sailing again across the lake where they had spent their honeymoon years ago.

One afternoon they were walk-

ing by the lakeside when John said, "Can't you just picture us coming here in summer with our kids? I hated being an only child, didn't you, Jan? Wouldn't you like to have dozens of kids?"

"Yes, look at them running!" she exclaimed, pointing to the moving shadows on the water, cast by the scudding clouds over- head. "Mary, Bill, Nancy, Tom . . ."

"One at a time!" John laughed, pulling her into his arms. "I'll settle for John Hollowell, Junior, to start."

A few months later when they learned she was going to have a baby they were both delighted. She felt certain it would be the son John wanted.

The night of her miscarriage she had a terrible nightmare. She dreamed that John and she were in a boat on the lake again, and beside them in the water were dozens of little paper boats. She had leaned over the side, trying to reach out for one, but every time she touched one a great wave would arise, engulfing her, knock- ing her off her feet, and she would struggle to get up—to reach out for the boats again.

The phone beside her bed rang sharply, transporting her back to the hospital room. She reached out eagerly, knowing it must be Edith.

"I'm sorry, Janice; I've looked everywhere, up and down all the streets and I even went to the school. But nobody has seen him since he left his classroom. Maybe you ought to try and get hold of John."

"Yes, Edith, I'll do that."

She hesitated before dialing John, but who else was there to ring? He had told her he would be tied up all day with a big in- surance deal he was trying to put through, but maybe his office would be able to reach him. But the line was busy.. She tried it three times and then sank back on the pillows, waiting.

ANOTHER memory came to her as she did so—the time after she had lost her third baby before its birth when Dr. Meadows had asked, "Have you and your hus-

band ever thought of adopting a child?"

She admitted that they had never given it any serious consideration. She walked slowly home from Dr. Meadows' office, trying not to give in to the defeat that permeated her being. Were those children they had yearned for going to be denied them? Could you learn to love a child created—why not admit it—by two other people?

"Lots of people manage to lead a pleasant existence *without* children," John objected when she presented the idea of adoption. "As long as we have each other isn't that what counts the most?"

"It—it counts for a lot, I admit," she answered, but she couldn't surrender the idea of adopting a child.

"All right, all right," John said finally after weeks of discussion on the subject. "If it will make you happy, let's try to get one."

She was sure it would make him happy, too, which was why she went through with it. It wasn't an easy procedure, but the day came when they were told they could have a baby. She was glad for John's sake that it was a boy.

"Golly, he certainly is cute!" John had said, and she rejoiced at his reaction. "What'll we call him?" he added. "Bill, Tom, Stephen, Jack—let's give him a real boy's name."

She knew then that this baby wasn't John Hallowell, Junior, to him. "Stephen will do as well as any," she said.

People had told her that when you adopt a child you soon forget that he isn't your very own. That had not proved to be true immediately and she had worried about it. But then slowly came the joy of the baby's learning to recognize John and herself, the anxiety and excitement of teeth bursting through tender gums, of faltering steps, coughing nights, and first words. Each experience was like the tendril of a vine that took root in your heart, to grow there forever.

Stevie knew he was adopted and she had discussed with him the possibility of choosing a

brother or sister. He had been happy about it, but that was before he learned she was going to have a baby.

Dr. Meadows said her case wasn't unusual. Many women somehow found it possible to carry through a child after adopting one. If only the new baby hadn't turned out to be a boy!

"It's FEEDING time, Mrs. Hallowell. Here's your baby." Janice had been reaching for the phone again as the nurse entered the room. "Have you decided what you're going to name him yet?" she asked.

"No, not yet." But Janice knew, of course, the name her husband would prefer. This was the John Hallowell, Junior, he had wanted from the very beginning.

It's a fact: A "gland" literally means "an acorn."

It's a fact: "Sincere" literally means "without wax."

"I—I don't think I can feed the baby. I'm too upset!"

"Why, Mrs. Hallowell, what's the matter?"

"My son—my boy Stevie didn't come home from school. I think—he's run away!"

"And you've been lying here worrying yourself like that!" the nurse chided her. "Why didn't you ring for me? Suppose you describe him and I'll call the police."

She described Stevie, his deep black eyes, the tousled hair, the smile that was such a simulation of John's.

The feeding went easier after she was left alone. She stared at the baby's puckered face and felt her heart stirring with profound love. Yes, she would love this child, but he wouldn't take Stevie's place.

"They'll start looking for him right away," the nurse said when she returned. "I think you'd better try to get some sleep," she added, taking the baby. "I'll let you know as soon as I hear anything."

The lowered Venetian blinds plunged the room into restful semidarkness, but she could not go to sleep. She could only see Stevie's face before her. Resentment welled within her—resentment against both John and his mother for being so cruel to Stevie, willing to shut him out of their world and their lives. They couldn't do that to him! She wouldn't let them!

She saw him running wildly—was it a child on the street or a shadow on the lake? She heard his voice calling to her, "Mommy . . . Mommy . . ."

"MOMMY—hello, Mommy . . . are you still asleep?"

Was she dreaming, or imagining that she heard his voice? Then she heard someone else speak, too.

"Hello, Jan, darling. We've just met the nurse in the corridor. She said you'd been worried about Stevie. I called for him at school and we went for a ride together. We went into the woods and we've been having so much fun that we forgot about Edith. We should have let her know."

It was still dark in the room, but she was able to see John's face near her, feel his lips touch her cheek.

"I put the insurance deal through, darling. Did such a good job that it all ended sooner than I expected. But I had Stevie on my mind all day. I decided he looked upset when I left the house this morning, and I was right. Do you know what's been bothering our foolish little boy? He's been thinking that perhaps we liked the new baby better than him, and that we didn't want him around any more."

So John had gone for Stevie himself! She hardly heard him talk on, "Do you know why Stevie had such an idea, Janice? He thought we might like the new

(Continued on page 28.)



—Vivienne Lapham

Small children learn good manners through practice.

"Please" and

"Thank You"

by Janice A. McDonald

NOW, what do you say?" Mother demands of Janet when Aunt Minnie has presented her with a gift.

Janet's mind and hands are busy. She loves Aunt Minnie, but she is possessed with excitement and suspense to know at once what is in the package.

"What do you say," Mother repeats, "for the lovely present?"

Her "thank you" may be brought out then, and the child goes back to examining the gift. The "thank you" in itself is probably spoken in a colorless voice, if it is spoken at all. The real "thank you" is expressed in the child's joy and interest. Sometimes the mother says "Thank you, Aunt Minnie," and when the child does not parrot it after her, "Thank you, Aunt Minnie," she repeats again.

It is the same when Janet wants something. Again she is full of excitement, interest, and ego. Janet wants something, and Janet wants it right now. Her vocabulary may be at the one-word stage: "Me!" Or it may be the "Let me have it! I want it!" of an older child. Mother says, "Please! Say, Please!" or perhaps "Me! Me! Is that the way you ask for something?" Or she tantalizes the tiny tot with, "Who's me?" and pretends to look around for another hidden person.

Children become confused by a lot of talking following their requests. They want action. "Is that the way you ask for something?" or, "Now what do you say?" seems to them unnecessary scolding or unneces-

sary talk. Sometimes it is a matter of shyness. "You thank her," they whisper. Indeed, they have already shown their pleasure. Why say anything?

Getting a "please" and "thank you" out of children is sometimes like pulling a weed out of the hard earth. Children are not prejudiced against these words. They are just so full of the desire to have and are so absorbed with their gift that words leave them. Chatterboxes that they may be at every other time, "please" and "thank you" do not come easily.

You will find that it will help if you use the words "please" and "thank you" yourself in talking to the children. It satisfies Janet's ego tremendously to have an adult think of her as a person. Accustoming her to "Please hand me the newspaper" (or comb or thread, or whatever) and then following it with, "Thank you, Janet," is indirect teaching.

Maybe you have given Janet a few minutes of your busy day having "tea" out of her dishes. "Please pass me those wonderful looking peanut butter sandwiches," amuses her. She is likely to follow your lead in make-believe. "And won't you have some of my own chocolate cake, Mrs. Brown," she may say delightedly. "Oh, thank you, Miss Brown," you may reply.

If you believe, as some parents do, that the words "please" and "thank you" are not nearly so important as the way the child feels, Aunt Minnie might be invited right then to share in Janet's play with the gift or with some other favorite toy. The words themselves will come in due time without prodding.

It might be mentioned also that the cost of the gift will not elicit the real "thank you" from the child. Her wants are usually very simple, and the adult that expects a hearty "thank you" for an expensive or intricate present will be disappointed.

Manners are important, but is it not more important to have sincerity instead of mere words? Etiquette and the social graces demand things of adults that children need not have in too large and too early doses.



Preparing Your Child for New Experiences

By Gertrude Perlis Kagan

WHEN I was a child, my mother asked me to take my small brother to the barber shop. It was on Saturday. The shop was filled to capacity. Both my brother and I seemed to sense the barber's disapproval when we entered, and my brother was uncomfortable and unhappy. The experience was quite an ordeal for us both.

Finally, when my little brother arose from the chair with his hair clipped close to his head, very much resembling a shorn lamb, I was firmly convinced of the barber's unfriendly attitude toward us. The last words I remember hearing him utter with a tone of finality were, "And don't bring him back again on Saturday."

Getting a first haircut is a strange experience for a small boy. He does not know what is in store for him. Therefore, it is well to prepare him in advance for such an event. He should be informed beforehand of what is likely to happen.

At about the age of eleven months, our son Douglas was ready for his first haircut. He had an exceptionally large crop of hair. I could hardly wait until he acquired that "boyish" look. Before his first visit to the barber shop, however, I felt it my duty to impress upon him what he should expect.

After the experience I had had with my brother, I knew it was important to take Douglas into the barber shop when it wasn't crowded. The barber would be less likely to hurry and undoubtedly would be more patient.

Before our trip to the barber shop, I remarked, "Mother is going to take you to the barber shop to get a haircut. You will like the man who cuts your hair. Daddy has his hair cut there, too." Then I slid my fingers along the back of his neck and said, "The clippers will feel like this. They will tickle and make you laugh."

Later on I said, "The barber will put some tonic on your hair that smells good. He will rub it in like this." Then I ruffled his hair, and we both had a hearty laugh.

Douglas entered the barber shop that morning with confidence. He signified that he wanted a haircut by pointing to his head. He was prepared for the situation. Fortunately, the barber was understanding and patient. He spoke to Douglas for a few minutes in an interesting manner. He showed him some of his equipment and explained to him how it is used. They both grimaced in the mirror. Then the

(Continued on page 28)

The Friendship Hobby is one of the most worthwhile of all hobbies. Your reward will be the gratitude of those you befriend—and your own deep satisfaction.

The

Friendship Hobby

by Loie Brandom

A fresh new hobby is always exciting. Yes, you have had hobbies before, and what fun they were! Probably your first hobby was collecting dolls, marbles, or colored pencils. After that it might have been bangles for your charm bracelet, nature objects, shells, match clips, or buttons. Still later came the hobby for stamps, coins, movie star photographs, and autographs.

Now, perhaps, you feel you have come to the end of your list, and you are looking for some new hobby through which you can express your developing personality and can expand your contacts. Then try this plan we call The Friendship Hobby. All the members of a family can take part in a hobby of this kind.

It is not an expensive hobby. All you have to buy are postage stamps, neat white writing paper, and a few cheerful-looking cards. The returns to you in pleasure and heart-warming satisfaction will pay big interests on your investment.

Neither is this hobby the same as the "fan letters" girls have been writing to their favorite movie stars. This hobby does much more good and brings more satisfaction and happiness to all concerned, for these letters are supposed to go to shut-ins, to hospitalized, lonely soldiers, and to others who receive little, if any, mail.

It is the personal touch that counts in this hobby—the joy the recipient feels when the postman leaves a letter for him, and the

knowledge that someone is thinking of him as an individual.

"How can I write an interesting letter to a perfect stranger?" you ask. You need not do that. Contact the superintendent of the Home Department of your local church for the names of shut-ins. The list she will give you may contain names of people of all ages, from young children to elderly members.

These people, more than likely, will be living near enough to you so that you can visit them. You can then judge for yourself how badly they need cheering up, whether or not they have plenty of relatives and friends to do the cheering up job for them, or if there is an opportunity and real need which you can supply.

It is likely that few of these shut-ins will need financial aid or physical comforts. As a rule they are well cared for in that way, but many of them have to spend long hours alone when time hangs heavily on their hands. I have in mind one dear lady almost ninety years of age, bedridden in a nursing home. She is a very intelligent ex-teacher who married late in life; so she has no children. Her husband and all close relatives have died, leaving her with only one distant cousin who lives hundreds of miles away. A few of her former pupils are thoughtful enough to write to her occasionally and to send her cards at Christmas, but only the daughter of her former college roommate keeps in touch

with her at regular intervals with letters and special-occasion cards. How eagerly she looks forward to receiving these simple remembrances and contacts with others outside her immediate surroundings!

If there is a veterans' hospital within driving distance of you, visit it, and learn from the superintendent, or head nurse, what patients receive no visitors or mail.

The Visiting Nurses Association in your locality can also give you a list of lonely people who need cheering in one way or another.

After you have contacted as many shut-ins who need cheering as you feel you have time to visit, map out a systematic plan for carrying on your Friendship Hobby. Your list of contacts for each month with each member can include one personal letter or note, one postcard having an interesting or pretty picture, or encouraging verse, and a special card reminder on important holidays.

Then there are interesting little items you will think of for the various shut-ins as you get to know each one better. Jokes, clipped from newspapers or magazines, bring smiles to some invalids who are not able to look up such things for themselves.

A magazine exchange between shut-ins is a good idea, and a part of your Friendship Hobby pleasures can be to see that there is a systematic time and method employed for the exchange of these

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—photo by erb

NOW, YOU
CHOOSE
A SONG

music chases away the blues, squelches squabbles, and gives everyone a feeling of well-being. Why not gather around the piano some afternoon or evening for an old-fashioned song fest? No one will care a bit if you can't sing like Caruso.

by Nancy Brewer

THIS morning the postman whistled his way up our walk. "Fine morning!" he greeted me. "I'm a little late on my regular schedule. Stopped on the Wilson's veranda to listen to them sing. And I told myself as I listened, What America needs today is more singing families!"

I, too, have often told myself after I've heard the Wilson family sing, that one thing our neighborhood needs is more singing families.

One day I went to the Wilson home to return some books which Donald, my son, had borrowed from Gene Wilson. Though the front hall door was open, no one answered my knock.

"Alice must be in the kitchen ironing or canning," I thought, knowing from experience that mothers of large families have much to do during the summer months.

Before I was half way around the big house, I heard the Wilson children singing. Their music was soft and happy—filled with the melody that comes when children sing favorite songs.

"Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me, I've come from Alabamy with my banjo on my knee," they sang.

"Pink, punk, pink, punk," Danny's voice added, and I realized he was doing what his mother terms, "Playing the accompaniment on his magic mandolin."

Alice Wilson saw me before her children did. Quickly she motioned me to sit down beside her and the three youngest Wilson children, sitting together, on the back veranda steps. Her smile welcomed me. Her words were for five-year-old Anna Louise. "Now, you pick a song, honey," she said.

"On the Banks," the tiny girl's request was immediate.

Danny was ready with his "pink, punk, pink, punk," and we followed it with "Oh, the Moon is Shining Fair along the Wabash."

At the close of that song Alice rose from the steps. "Recess over," she announced gaily. "The jelly wants to jell."

The three children, bubbling over with life, ran back to their sandbox, and Alice and I went into her kitchen. As she lifted a pan of berry juice onto one of the burners of her gas stove, she explained the interruption to her work. "They were fussy from the heat. When I overheard Betty threatening to slap Danny, I knew it was time for some music. The heat was sort of irritating me, and I realized I, too, needed a song or two."

From the back yard came the laughter of the children as they started new castles in the sand. Peace again reigned in the Wilson home. Love and patience had been strengthened as they sang together on the kitchen steps.

Instead of stern words or punishments, songs had

been used to end quarrels in that home. Then I thought to myself, "What our neighborhood needs is more singing families."

* * *

Alice Wilson came from a family of singers. Her father and mother were members of our church choir. Her mother directed singers at the community sings, held during World War I; at home she directed the singing of her children.

She taught not only her own children. She taught their little friends to sing harmoniously together the words of the singing games they played—"The Farmer in the Dell" "London Bridge Is Falling Down," and "Skip to Mah Lou."

When we reached the giggling, "boy struck" stage, Alice's parents bought a very good record player, and it was always ready for the children and their friends who brought their favorite records to play on it while we sang. They also purchased a mandolin for Alice and a guitar for her sister. As they strummed them, we giggling girls and our awkward boy friends sat on the chairs, the steps, and the veranda bannister, singing favorite songs.

We didn't realize then that music can take away awkwardness and can chase away giggles.

Soon our crowd was "big enough" to be trusted with flivver drives along the beautiful roads close to the Wabash. The habit of singing as we sat together on the veranda at Alice's home stayed with us, and we sang together as we drove.

The Model T Fords had their bad moments. Sometimes a car wheezed and stopped. Sometimes a sharp noise told us a tube had burst. These interruptions to our music were gay instead of painful, for Alice's brothers sang "Casey Jones" like fierce Arab tribesmen when they cranked cars or pumped up deflated tires.

Today, one of those brothers sings in the Elks Chanters of our town, which has won national honors on several occasions. New listeners always remark about his singing being such happy singing. Both brothers are in church choirs; both are members of barber shop quartets. Both sing as they work—one, on his tractor as he farms; the other, as he fills prescriptions in a drugstore.

Today when the weather is hot and tempers are frayed, Alice leaves her work—not to spank or to scold the children but to sit on the back veranda steps with them and sing.

* * *

Today, our newspapers, our magazines, and even our radios list records which every family should own. Today, children who are record fans buy a record, take it home, and play it once or twice for the family's enjoyment. After that when they play it, there

(Continued on page 27)

by Pearl Brown Brands

Let's Help Them Dream

SUNDAY after Sunday it was the same. Young Isaac couldn't sit still until the end of the church services. It wasn't the sermon that made him restless, though. It was the music that bothered him.

"Why does the music always have to be the same?" Isaac asked whenever the Psalms were chanted in the church service. "And why must there be only *chanting*?" Isaac thought it would be better to have real melodies which could be sung.

The idea of hymns was new in England those Sundays when young Isaac Watts was dreaming about real melodies which could be sung, for it was 250 years ago. Besides, Isaac wasn't even sure that he ought to be *wanting* a different kind of music at church. Other people seemed to be satisfied enough with the Psalm-chanting.

Yet, Isaac knew that he wasn't simply trying to find fault with the way things were done at church. After all, he liked to listen to the words of the Bible. He always tried to learn all he could about the Bible stories—during devotions at home, as well as at church services.

Isaac felt in his heart that there might be better music in the church. So he spoke about it to his father one Sunday on the way home from church.

We do not know exactly what young Isaac said that day to his father—Schoolmaster Watts; but Isaac must have asked if there couldn't be *real* music in the church. He must have asked if there couldn't be songs for all the people to *sing*. Schoolmaster Watts must have been very much surprised at his son's questions.

Yet, the father did not scold Isaac. Neither did he encourage him to continue finding fault with things. What Schoolmaster Watts

told his son was something like this: "If you think the music in the church should be changed, *you* give us something better."

It turned out that these words were exactly what young Isaac needed to be told.

Maybe Isaac hadn't even thought that *he* might write the kind of church music he thought there should be; but his father's words were a challenge. That afternoon he started to make "better" church music.

When the next Sunday came, Isaac had a lovely hymn ready for the people to sing at church. Isaac was very well pleased with his song. So were the people. They wanted him to write more of this new kind of church song.

Right away Isaac Watts started another hymn, so he would have it ready for the following Sunday. Sunday after Sunday for two years he had a new hymn ready for the people at church.

By then Isaac Watts's beautiful hymns filled a book. Still he kept on writing church songs. He continued writing hymns even later when he went to London to preach in one of the big churches there. Altogether, Isaac Watts wrote more than 600 hymns.

The singing of Isaac Watts's church songs was the beginning of hymn singing in England and Scotland. Watts's hymns were very widely used. Isaac Watts came to be known as the Father of Hymnody.

People in other countries, too, heard about Isaac Watts's hymns and used them. In America the first book to come off Benjamin Franklin's printing press was *Watts Psalms and Hymn Tunes*.

Many of Isaac Watts's 600 hymns are still used today—such hymns

(Continued on page 27.)

—Larry Fitzgerald

A NONSENSE

PARTY

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

THE next time it's your turn to entertain and you want to do something different, why not have a Nonsense Party? It is not a dress-up affair, so tell your friends to wear old clothes.

For decorations use "off-season" things. For instance, if your party is in the spring, drag out your old Christmas or Halloween things. Santa Claus, or a black witch perched on top of the mantel or piano, tinsel or a skeleton draped over an upside down picture, add to the fun. Let your imagination run riot with the stuff you have around the house. Don't forget to tack a hankie to the floor, glue down a dime or two, hang mirrors crooked, and so on.

A MERRY MARCH starts the fun, and late arrivals can easily join the group. Before the party prepare an individual package for each player. Into each package put one article of a man or woman's clothing, such as a funny

suddenly stops, the person with the package opens it and puts on whatever it contains. He stays in the game as the music starts again but does not keep another package. The same procedure continues until each person has put on a different article of clothing. Then all participate in a **MERRY MARCH**—with perhaps a foolish prize for the most outlandish-looking outfit.

MEN ONLY. Each man needs a big, flat pan or box. Men and pans are lined up at a starting point. At a signal the players sit in their pans, then propel themselves along the floor to the goal and back. Cheer your favorite and reward the winner with a toy cooking pan.

STROLLING DOWN THE LANE. The men are sent from the room, and the girls take off their left shoes and put them in a pile at one end of the room. The men are called back. Each picks up a shoe, then finds his partner by matching shoes. Have two rows of newspaper side by side almost the length of the room. This is the lane. One each row of newspaper place eight or ten eggs. Players are told if they can stroll down the lane, hand in hand, without breaking any eggs, they will have good luck for the rest of the year. The players are sent into another room. While the hostess hastily replaces the eggs with twice as many crackers, her assistant blindfolds the first couple. They are brought into the room and placed at the start of the lane. They are told to walk down the lane hand in hand without breaking any eggs. Shouts of dismay and laughter! Crack! Crack! Crack! go the crackers. After each couple finishes the stroll, they stay and watch the next "victims."

PUZZLER. For a quieter game give each couple eleven toothpicks. Ask them if they can make the eleven toothpicks equal nine. After a few concentrated frowns from your guests, maybe one of them will discover you can spell the word "nine" with eleven toothpicks.

DOG CATCHER. For an hilarious time players sit from four to eight at a table. One of the players is the dog catcher. Other players have dogs attached to leashes. An empty spool tied to a lone shoe lace or heavy cord makes a good dog and leash. With a child's paint set paint the dogs different colors. The dog catcher has a pie pan or pot lid which is his net to catch the dogs. All the dogs are in the center of the table with each player holding his own leash. Suddenly, the dog catcher spreads his net to catch the dogs, which means players must jerk their dogs back home. Every time a dog escapes the net, his master receives ten points. If his dog is caught, a player loses five points. You could give a little dog statue to the player with the highest score at the end of twenty minutes.

WHISTLING CHORUS. Line the girls up on one side of the room and the men on the other side. Give each a paper sack. Size 16 is excellent. Each player tears eyes, nose, and mouth in the sack. He puts the sack over his head. Give each player two or three crackers, which he eats through the mouth hole in the sack. As each girl finishes, she whistles "America." The men whistle "Yankee Doodle." A grand chorus!

REFRESHMENTS. Nonsense fun makes people hungry. Give your guests something they don't

(Continued on page 31.)

by

Christine Mabry



hat, big shoes, skirt, sweater, slacks, apron, and shirt. Players sit in a circle on the floor. As the music starts, a package is started around the circle of people sitting on the floor. It is passed quickly from hand to hand. When the music



The youth group holds a discussion.

Signing the camp covenant is hard work for small children.



On talent night all stunts are performed by family groups.

LET'S GO TO FAMILY



Two small children make their selection of library books.



Evening worship at family camp.

EACH year several hundred families gather on the shore of Lake Michigan to enjoy a genuine kind of Christian fellowship for one week per family. The aim is to bring families together in a

CAMP

mutual experience through which the practice of Christian principles may be applied to the problems and tensions of our difficult world, as well as its pleasures.

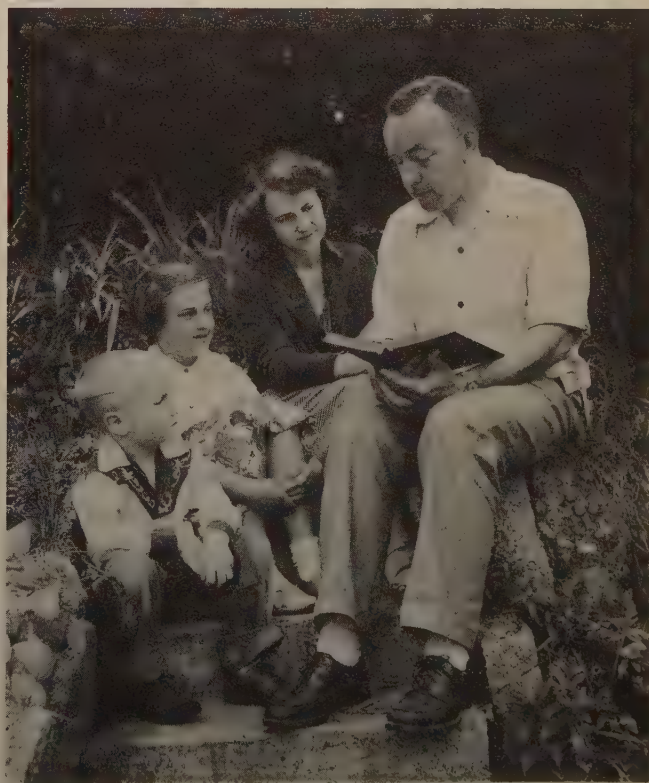
Life is simple and informal at Pilgrim Haven, and in the family-life camps the family council makes all necessary rules and regulations. From 7:00 o'clock in the morning until 7:30 in the evening, something interesting is always going on. Walks and restful occupations are offered in addition to games and swimming, family craft shop work, and amateur dramatic and musical presentations. When families go home, there is only one complaint. One week is not long enough!

Yet, few family campers leave Pilgrim Haven without feeling wonderfully enriched for having been drawn closer into true Christian fellowship.



Pre-school and kindergarten children have a midmorning snack.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND FEATURE
BY HAYS FROM MONKMEYER



A family holds a private worship service.

Heidi and the little wild Bunny

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Heidi opened her big blue eyes and blinked. The bright sun was peeking through her bedroom window promising a warm, sunny day for play. Heidi knew she was a very lucky girl because she lived in the mountains all year round. Her mother and father owned a lodge in the mountains, and lots of people came for vacations all summer long. There were many different children to play with, and Heidi liked them all. But actually she didn't need many boys and girls to play with because there were so many things to see and do in the mountains.

Suddenly Heidi popped out of bed. This was the day her mother had promised to take her on a long walk way back in the woods. Heidi loved these walks. There were so many beautiful wild flowers and a tumbling brook with soft, green grass on both sides. On warm days her mother would let her wade in the clear, cold water.

Heidi hurried down to the kitchen for a big breakfast.

"Good morning, Heidi," her mother said. "Are you ready for our walk?"

"Oh, yes, Mommy, and it is a pretty day."

"It certainly is," agreed Heidi's mother. "Eat your breakfast, and then we will start."

Heidi and her mother started up the road that wound through the canyon, but soon they turned off on a path that followed the merry little brook. On each side of the brook were large spruce trees and ever so often clearings covered with thick, green grass and bunches of blue and yellow mountain flowers.

When Heidi and her mother had walked about a

mile, the path ended, and they were at the entrance to a large, mountain meadow. There were cows grazing at the farther end of the meadow, and Heidi could hear the large bells that were around their necks clanging.

"I think we should sit down and rest a little while," Heidi's mother suggested. "Let's sit down by the brook, and you can go wading."

Heidi took off her shoes and stockings and pointed one foot gingerly at the water.

"Oooooo, it's cold," she squealed with delight.

She tried the other foot. That one stayed in a little longer. Then she put both feet in and walked carefully over the slippery rocks.

Mountain brooks are very cold even in summer; so Heidi didn't stay in long. She climbed out on the grassy bank and let the sun and air dry her feet. Then she put on her shoes and stockings.

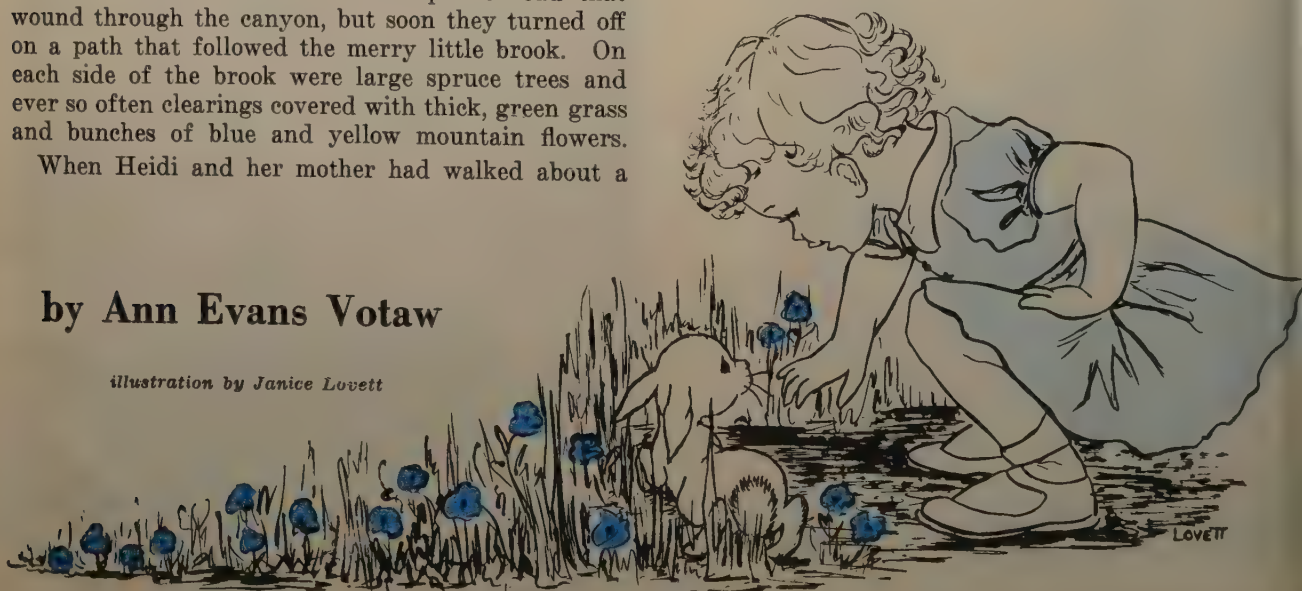
"I think perhaps we should start back," Heidi's mother said. "It won't be long before lunch."

As Heidi and her mother turned to go, the bushes in front of them moved and then were very still.

(Continued on page 30.)

by Ann Evans Votaw

illustration by Janice Lovett



Worship

in the family with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

A Bible Verse

He has made everything beautiful.—Ecclesiastes 3:11.

A Prayer

We are glad, God, for happy times in summer. Thank you, God. Amen.

A Table Grace

Thank you, God, for food so good;
That helps us grow the way we should;
Thank you for the summer's sun;
Bless our food and everyone.
Amen.

THEME FOR JULY:

Joy
in
Summer

Enjoying Summer

Peter and Jane liked the summertime. There were so many things to do. They had fun together.

One of the things they liked best to do was to visit Grandmother. Grandmother lived in the country. There was a spring near Grandmother's home. Peter and Jane liked to watch the water turn the big wheel at the old water mill beside the spring lake.

Grandmother had some pretty ducks. Early every morning Peter and Jane heard the "quack, quack" of the ducks as they started down to the spring lake to get a drink and to have their morning swim. Peter and Jane would hurry to watch the ducks waddle along their path to the water. Mother Duck led the way, and her three little ducks followed right behind her. It was fun to watch their little feather tails move back and forth as they waddled along. It was fun to hear their "quack, quack."

After breakfast Grandmother made some sandwiches for Peter and Jane. She wrapped them so they would stay good and fresh. Peter and Jane took them and went down to the spring lake. First, they watched the water

turn the big wheel at the mill. Then they watched the fish swimming in the lake. They watched the bubbles on the water that showed where the fish were. They looked at the pretty flowers along the water's edge. They threw some pebbles into the water and watched the circles widen around the place where the pebbles hit the water. There were so many interesting things to see and do.

"I'm hungry," said Jane.

"So am I," said Peter.

"Let's eat our sandwiches," said Jane.

"O.K.," agreed Peter.

They found a nice grassy spot that was high above the water and dry. They sat down and opened the sandwiches Grandmother had made for them. While they were eating, they looked out at the lake. There were the ducks, swimming in the water.

"They are having fun, too," said Peter.

"Yes," said Jane. "Isn't summertime fun? I'm glad we have summertime."

"Yes," agreed Peter. "I'm glad we have summer, too. God planned it that way. I guess he knows what boys and girls like."



It is fun to eat outside
in summer.

It is fun to watch ducks
swim in summer.



Fun with Friends

In summer we have fun with friends. Sometimes we play outside in the warm sunshine. We take turns going down the slide. Whee! that is fun!

Sometimes we jump rope. Sometimes we count as we jump—"one, two, three, four, five." Sometimes we say a rhyme when we jump. Sometimes we just jump to see who can jump the longest time without missing. That is fun, too!

Sometimes we play tag and hide-and-go-seek. There are many games to play with friends outdoors in the summertime.

Sometimes in the summer, it rains. We can still have fun with friends. We can stay indoors or on the porch. We like to watch the rain. We like to see the raindrops splash upon the walk. Sometimes we watch the raindrops moving down the window pane. We even make a game to see who can guess which raindrop will reach the bottom first.

After the rain we like to see the pretty green of the grass and trees. They look so bright and clean and sparkling. Sometimes we see a rainbow in the sky. Rainbows are really beautiful. We like to look at them.

At night we have fun in summer, too. We like to watch the fireflies as they fly around and make lights like tiny flashlights everywhere. We like to see the friendly lights in the houses and on the streets. Sometimes our family goes for a drive, and we take one of our friends with us. On the way home we sometimes stop for ice cream.

In summer we go to vacation church school. We have many friends in vacation church school. We have fun there, too. We sing songs; we hear stories; we make things; and we play games.

In afternoons and on Saturdays we sometimes go swimming and on picnics. We have fun then, too.

Summer is a wonderful time of year. There are so many beautiful things to see. There are so many places to go. We have so much fun with our friends. We are glad God planned for summer.



I Thank You, God

I thank you, God, for eyes to see
The beauty you have given me;
I thank you, God, for ears to hear
Kind words of love and songs of cheer.

I thank you, God, for feet to run
In games that give such joyful fun;
I thank you, God, for love and care,
For all your children everywhere.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson



Fun with Pets

In summer we have fun with pets. Of course, we have fun with pets at other times, too, but in summer we have the most fun because we play outdoors so much.

It is fun to toss a twig or a ball for our dog to catch or find to bring back to us. He likes that, too. It is fun just to walk with our dog, and to talk to him and sometimes to sit and pet him. He is a good friend. He knows when we feel sad, and he knows when we feel happy.

There are other pets besides dogs to have fun with in summer. You may have fun with a kitten, or a pony. Maybe your pet is a duck or a chicken. Maybe it is a rabbit or a turtle. Maybe it is a fish. Maybe it is a pet that hasn't been named here at all. What is your favorite pet? Do you have fun with your pet in summer? Aren't you glad for happy times in summer?

Going Places

Summer is the time when people think of vacations. They think of going to interesting places or to see relatives and friends.

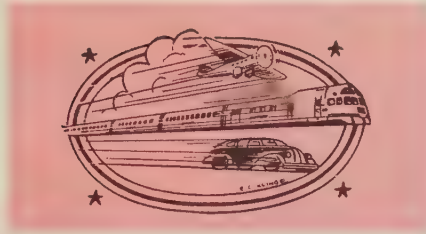
Sometimes families plan to take a trip in their car. The highway sometimes take you through level country where you can see fields of grain or cattle. Sometimes it takes you through a small town. Sometimes it takes you through or near a big city. It is fun to travel by car.

Sometimes families plan to take trips on the train. That is fun, too. The fields and mountains and cities all seem to pass the windows quickly, as the train twists and winds its way around the curves of the long, long track. It is fun to sit on the train, too. It is fun to try not to spill anything you are eating or drinking.

Sometimes families plan to take trips in airplanes. That is fun! The sky and the clouds look pretty from the window of the plane. Sometimes the plane goes right through the clouds and flies above them. When you look out the window, the clouds below look like great banks of snow. If you can see the ground, the fields, houses, and trees look small, just like toys. It is fun to take a trip in a plane.

Sometimes families go on a trip by boat. It is fun to watch the waves on the water and the little white caps on the waves. It is fun to watch the land getting farther and farther away. It is fun to look up at the clouds and the blue sky and then look down at the beautiful blue of the water.

It is fun to take trips in summer, whether you go by car, by train, by plane, or by boat, but you don't have to go on a trip to have fun in summer. There are beautiful things for you to enjoy wherever you are, like sunshine, flowers, trees, and pets. What other things can you name which you enjoy in summer?



Summer Song

It's summertime, the golden time,
When all creation sings
To thank the Lord for giving us
So many lovely things!

Trees reach leafy arms to God
And sway in summer sun;
Nesting birds sing songs of praise
Expressing joys begun.

The wild rose spreads her petals
now
And perfumes spicy air;
My heart rejoices with the rest
For the earth so fresh and fair.

—Nona Keen Duffy



For Family Worship

Call to Worship: Genesis 8:22

Hymn: "This Is My Father's World" (or select a favorite song of the family)

Scripture: Psalm 65:11-13

Meditation: "Fun with the Family" (on this page)

Poem: Choose one of the following:

"I Thank You, God" (on the opposite page)

"Summer Song" (on this page)

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth" (or select a favorite song of the family)

Prayer: Make one of your own, using ideas you have gotten from the material on these pages or thanking God for happy summer experiences you and your family have shared

Fun with the Family

George liked summer. One thing he liked best to do was to go with Mother and Father on a picnic or a trip to the woods.

It was such fun to explore the out-of-doors. George's mother was interested in wild flowers. The family helped her find beautiful wild flowers.

George's father was especially interested in birds. All the family listened for bird calls and watched to see different kinds of birds.

George was especially interested in trees. He was making a book of leaves from various trees. George's mother and father were interested in trees, too. They helped him to find out about the different kinds of trees he found.

Sometimes the family would spend all day on a trip to the woods. Mother would take food for lunch or supper. George and Father would gather wood for a fire, and they would enjoy eating outdoors and sharing their discoveries with each other. They always felt so glad for their happy day in summer and for all the wonders of God's world that they always said, "Thank you, God, for summer," before they started home.

Nature Invites You to

Fascinating adventures are in store for those who accept Nature's invitation to go on a treasure hunt—a butterfly emerging from a cocoon; a flock of birds flying across the sky; a deer drinking water from a quiet woodland lake. Here is a treasure hunt that the whole family will enjoy.

—Bob Taylor



If you're lucky, you might see a fawn sitting on the grass.

by
Ernst E.
Klein

MORE THAN ever before, we take nature for granted. As our houses are insulated against the seasons, so our lives are more and more shut off from the divine grandeur of God's creation.

Yet in nature we have vast resources, not only to sustain civilization, but to nurture religious faith as well. Just as God brought the newly formed animals to Adam to see what he would call them, so with the march of seasons he presents us with a never-ending procession of freshly wrought miracles, to see if we will recognize his handiwork in them. It is a truly wonderful game, with endless opportunity for adventure for the family.

Since the dawn of civilization man has tried to probe the mysteries about him. Scientists and ph

a Treasure Hunt

sophers, from Aristotle to Einstein, have recorded innumerable observations and have crammed thousands of libraries with books of fact and theory about the universe. *Life* magazine, in concluding a magnificent series of articles on "The World We Live In," speaks of man's scientific quest in which he is handicapped by his inadequate conceptions, confined in the prison house of his senses."

Religion is the key that unlocks this prison house of sense, freeing the spirit for fellowship with his Maker. Faith is the light that dispels the gloom of our fragmentary knowledge and illumines every object of nature until it stands forth as a revelation and a miracle. The psalmist looking up at the stars needs no telescope to read their message: "The heavens are telling the glory of God; and the firmament proclaims his handiwork" (Ps. 19:1). Nor does the poet need a microscope to learn the ultimate lesson from nature:

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God."

—Elizabeth Browning

These experiences can be reproduced in your family, in your own back yard. Children come equipped with a native curiosity and a spiritual receptivity which make the discovery and teaching of religious values in nature not a solemn duty, but a golden opportunity and a perpetual joy. This can lead your family on a never-ending trail of adventure—from your own doorway to the ends of the earth and the farthest reaches of space. All you need is a vibrant faith, eager ears and eyes, and the willingness to turn your back upon the artificiality of what we call civilization. Shall we begin?

In the following paragraphs we will briefly survey several areas of nature, pointing out religious values and suggesting activities for the family. Additional suggestions will be found in the Study Guide and bibliography.

The Good Earth

Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee.
—Job 12:8

Out of the earth comes our food, our shelter, our clothing. Man takes full advantage of his commission to "subdue and have dominion" over the earth, but how often does he see it as the handiwork of God? Genesis reminds us that the Lord God took man and put him in the garden "to till it and keep it." We are to revere the earth because God made it. "Mother Earth" is really our sister, with a beauty and dignity all her own. This is one meaning of

storms, earthquakes, drouth, and cold. Nature is asserting herself. She will never become a domesticated servant or a toy. At family devotions tonight, read Genesis 1 or Psalm 29, which is a description of God's majesty revealed in a thunderstorm. Then add Genesis 2:15 and Romans 1:20, briefly discussing these passages as clues to a Christian understanding of nature.

Now, let us look at the earth. Take the family for a drive in the country. Stop at some quiet place, get down on the ground, and ask a few questions. Or just sit and look—and listen. The earth will teach you! If you give them a chance, the very stones will speak, and their message will be echoed by every bird in the sky!

Training in sensitivity and sharing with others are learned in a simple little game. While you glance at the second hand on your watch, everyone is quiet for a full minute. Then, each one shares his observations. Some typical reports: "From where I sit, I see a bluebird flying past a yellow cliff." "From where I sit, I smell the new-mown clover." "From where I sit, I hear a turtledove calling." Your own experience will be enriched by impressions of everyone in the family.

No activity pays such rich dividends as patient, alert waiting. Nature speaks in myriad ways. If the space about you seems utterly barren and uninteresting, look at it more closely. A detailed examination of one square foot of the earth's surface may yield surprising treasures. Once, using this method, I found the delicate silken sphere, door ajar on its hinges, which had cradled a goldeneye lacewing. On another occasion a parasitoid wasp stocked the brooding place of its offspring with food, tamping down the loose dirt of the "grave" with a pebble for a tool.

Looking up into the sunny sky from the shade of a tree, you will see thousands of flying miracles. Birds, of course; how many can you identify on the wing? Distinguish between hunted and hunters, water birds and land birds, meadow birds and dwellers of the woods. You will see air-borne seeds glistening like flying saucers: thistle-down, milkweed, dandelion. You will see some things you cannot identify, but you will know that they, too, are God's creatures, playing their part in his vast drama, telling forth his glory.

Now, how about a little exploration? You needn't go far, but keep your eyes open. Perhaps Junior will find an agate in the roadside gravel, or a piece of petrified wood. A limestone ledge will yield fossils. Slate is ancient mud, often ornamented with prehistoric ferns or footprints made when the earth

was younger. Take these and other treasures home. You will ponder their meaning for many days to come. Wild flowers wilt rapidly. A paper bag closed tightly will keep them fresh enough for a bouquet at dinner or at your family worship center. You may want to press them between blotters or newspaper.

At home consult the family Bible for a religious interpretation of the things you have seen. The Bible is unexcelled in its appreciation of nature as the handiwork of God. Explore passages like Psalm 104, Job 28-41, Isaiah 40, Romans 11:33-36, and others at your family devotions. Spontaneous prayers around



—Bob Taylor

A gay butterfly framed against a blue sky and pink and white apple blossoms is something you can see on a spring day.

the family circle will sum up the day's experience in gratitude to the Creator.

Next week, take another trip. If it rains, go to the museum or library instead. You may be able to identify some of Junior's rocks, or the birds Sister saw. Certainly, you will gain a growing appreciation of the garden of the world, remembering always to look with the eyes of faith, as well as with your ordinary senses.

Lakes, Rivers, Oceans

Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
which teems with things innumerable.

—Psalm 104:25

The sea is a mystery—and a miracle. Modern science confirms and magnifies this mystery as new soundings disclose hitherto unsuspected dimensions of submerged mountains and shifting ocean canyons. Here is food and wealth; here is a road for commerce and adventure; here all nations and peoples meet; here is life and death, the future and the past; here man is face to face with the sublime. Who can contemplate this majesty without thinking the long,

long, thoughts of man's origin and destiny and God's greatness and power? Part of the sea will come home with you in the form of shells, fantastic bits of driftwood, or—less tangibly—memories and photographs of the deep blue, gulls flying, sun on the surf.

If you live near fresh water, look for kingfishers, terns, and eagles. Find the moat-protected nest of the red-winged blackbird in cattails at the edge of lakes or in the marsh. The curious stone houses of caddice-fly larvae are interesting souvenirs of mountain streams.

Fields and Forests

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow . . .

—Matthew 6:28

Man is rooted in God, as a tree is rooted in the sun. All living things depend on the basic miracle of photosynthesis, by which green plants combine raw materials from earth and air to produce living matter—starch, carbohydrates, fats, food! This happens only in the sunlight and only in green plants, which have the magic substance, chlorophyll. Thus, every green leaf is a living miracle—God's factory for the defense of life.

In addition to the food and fiber produced by growing plants, man is now dependent on fossil fuels produced over a long period of time by prehistoric vegetation. Coal, oil, and diamonds, too, owe their origin to sunlight acting on chlorophyll. Even weeds and noxious plants play a significant role in this vast economy of God, transforming inert gases and minerals into a growing store of living matter. Observe the band of black soil at the top of a roadside bank. It takes a million years to produce one inch of topsoil. Rain-washed gullies at the edges of fields reveal how quickly man can despoil and waste the holy earth.

A family scrapbook of pressed leaves and flowers will fill many leisure hours with rewarding activity as names and relationships are discovered. Old picture frames filled with wild flowers, bits of moss, and a butterfly or two on a background of milkweed flowers or cotton give a striking decorative effect to your walls.

The religious understanding of nature includes seeing every tree, every flower, every blade of grass, and even weeds, as expressing in some way the mystery of the divine purpose in creation.

Your Feathered Neighbors

Is it by your wisdom that the hawk soars, and spreads his wings toward the south?

—Job 39:26

After centuries of observation of this miracle, man has finally emulated and, in speed and power, has surpassed the birds. Of course, he has to use machines. As an individual he is as bound to his element as the flying squirrels and fishes are to their. To do as well as the grasshopper, he would have to leap as high as the Empire State building and land unhurt on the other end of the island.

(Continued on page 30.)

Study Guide

PREPARATION FOR THE MEETING

1. Your aim: to help families become aware of the world of nature as God's continuing revelation and to provide stimulation and guidance in using nature for inspiration and faith.

2. Read the article, including scripture references.

3. Check the bibliography for materials that may be available in your home, in your church library, or in your school or community libraries. Browse through as much of this as you can for additional suggestions on God's speaking in nature. Or distribute materials to a panel of speakers.

4. Consult your favorite book of poetry for poems on nature, such as Walt Whitman's "A Noiseless Patient Spider," Bryant's "To a Waterfowl," Emerson's "Music," Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus," William Blake's "The Lamb." Compare with Bible passages read.

5. If you have access to a record library, discover compositions inspired by nature, such as Debussy's "La Mer," and others.

6. Look through a good standard hymnal like *Christian Worship* and note how many hymns are based on experiences with God in nature: "All Beautiful the March of Days," "All Creatures of Our God and King," "God Who Touchest Earth With Beauty," and many others. Use some of these in your meeting.

Arrange for one of the following worship services:

- a) Ask an amateur photographer who takes Kodachrome slides to select 20 good shots illustrating Genesis 1, or Psalm 104. Then arrange to have one or more people read selected verses from these chapters as the pictures are shown. This will provide an excellent and unique closing worship service. A skillfully

co-ordinated musical background will add depth of meaning.¹

- b) Or have a good reader present James Weldon Johnson's "The Creation," with an appropriate musical accompaniment. If the reading is done by a person with real dramatic ability, use lighting effects also. An organist or pianist who can improvise will quickly catch the spirit of the poem and enhance its effects.
- c) Whichever service you use, be sure to have at least one rehearsal well in advance of your meeting!

II. THE MEETING

1. If you have followed the suggestions above, you will have many ideas for your meeting, such as the following:

- a) You could have several people present additional material on God's voice in nature, citing evidence from Scripture, poetry music, and natural history.
- b) Or have a panel discuss one or more of these questions: "Is religious faith necessary for a true understanding of nature?" or "How can the struggle for survival in nature be reconciled with Christian faith?" (see Romans 8: 19-22; Genesis 1:30, 2:14, 17, 18; Isaiah 11:6-9) "How can the apparent conflict between modern science and the Bible be resolved?"
- c) Have several persons relate personal experiences with nature which have deepened their faith in God. This should also produce additional practical suggestions for families wanting to discover religious values in nature.
- d) Have all the families in your

group bring nature objects they have collected and arrange a "miniature museum," with someone explaining each exhibit, including a statement of its religious value or significance.

2. Close the meeting with one of the worship services suggested above.

III. FOLLOWING THE NATURE TRAIL TO GOD

1. No matter how much or how little you know about nature, you have, of course, only made a beginning in reading the thoughts of God after him. There's a long, enchanting trail ahead.
2. Don't be a lone wolf. Make it a family adventure. Children love it, and as shared experiences accumulate, you will realize that the family is brought closer to each other, as well as to God.
3. Begin building a nature library in your home. The bibliography listed here is a good beginning. Be careful not to duplicate materials you can borrow from the public libraries.
4. Check your church library for books giving a religious interpretation of nature. Suggest that some of the sources mentioned in the bibliography be secured.
5. Encourage your church school teachers to use nature exhibits and illustrations. These can often be brought by children in the class.
6. Criticize nature films, books, and TV programs which completely omit any religious values, and help your children supply the missing meanings.
7. Make it a practice in your family to discuss what the children learn about nature in school, pointing out the religious implications and relating them to the message of the Bible.
8. Make a check list of natural resources within easy driving distance from your home. Include parks, lakes, rivers, mountains, museums, zoos, pet shops, private collections, etc.
9. Take a copy of Raymond Fuller's *Nature Quests and Quizzes* with you on the family vacation, to church camp, and to your picnics. See how many of "The Hundred Quests" you can find this summer.
10. Organize a "Nature Corner" in the den or on a shelf in the family bookcase, and see what happens.
11. Keep a list of birds that members of your family have identified. You will find a complete list of North American birds in Hausman (see bibliography).
12. Keep an ear to the ground on your own back yard. Watch for dramatic moments in plant growth—seeds sprouting, buds opening, pods exploding—and interpret these to your children. Watch for giant silk moths and cicadas emerging, bird's

¹Audio-Visual Dept., Box 179, St. Louis 3, Mo., can supply ready-prepared services, "God of the Earth," rental \$1.50 and "God of the Hills," sale \$3.50.

nests, and a thousand other things. Keep a camera handy. Keep reading your Bible!

IV. WHEN CHILDREN COME WITH YOU

1. If you use the "miniature museum" idea for the adult meeting, let the children participate throughout. Their spontaneous interest and ready questions will stimulate and enrich the group experience.
2. If one of the discussion plans is used for the adult meeting, use the "miniature museum" idea for the children. Let them participate in the closing worship service, however.
3. Collect nature pictures, poems, and articles from magazines. Mount these on your bulletin board or show the youngsters how to make their own scrapbooks.
4. If you have access to a tape recorder, record a number of bird songs some morning. Play them to the children and see how many they will recognize.
5. Read some of the Psalms cited in the article. Then help the group compose its own psalm or poem about God in nature.

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- Nature Quests and Quizzes**, by Raymond T. Fuller, New York, The John Day Company, \$1.50.
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- The Holy Earth**, by L. H. Bailey, twenty-five cents. The Christian Rural Fellowship, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
- Song of the Earth**, by Fred D. Wentzel, Philadelphia, The Christian Education Press, \$2.00.
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- Basic Science Education Series**, "Insect Societies," etc., Evanston, Ro Peterson and Co.
- The Illustrated Encyclopedia of American Birds**, by L. A. Hausman, New York, Halcyon House.
- Florida Sea Shells**, by Aldrich a Snyder, New York, Hought Mifflin Co.
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- The World's Great Religious Poetr** C. M. Hill, ed., New York, T Macmillan Co.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Low-ranking Army man -----	76 96 6 18 33 40 53
B The President's nickname ----	115 112 102
C Bits of wood whittled or chopped off -----	5 27 47 7 116
D Natives of China -----	93 20 3 30 45 48 35
E The opposite of thin -----	109 46 72 74 85
F Parts of a foot measure -----	10 108 26 64 19 34
G To go away or depart from ----	77 59 15 106 70
H Rat-like animal with webbed hind feet and a flat tail ----	16 86 38 44 91 32
I What blind people do not have	119 55 63 69 14
J The globe on which we live ----	78 50 122 56 101
K Bring to an end -----	65 21 39 88 51 87
L It is called the Buckeye State	13 114 111 31
M A spot, or flaw -----	42 83 9 117 84 4 94
N Its capital is Helena -----	49 43 98 23 1 60 25
O Be windy or boisterous, as the wind -----	81 8 62 73 52 28 54

P Four-stringed musical instrument -----	37 57 17 110 75 12
Q Common garden flower -----	107 11 100 121 36
R To worship or idolize -----	41 2 61 105 82
S To distribute into classes or kinds -----	92 22 58 80 67 68
T Turn, or revolve -----	29 66 79 97 90 95
U Actions -----	71 113 24 99 89
V Afternoon parties -----	120 104 118 103

Solution on page 28.

		1		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11		12	13	14		15	16	17	18
19		20	21	22		23	24	25	26	27	28
29		30	31	32		33		34	35	36	37
38	39	40		41	42	43	44	45		46	47
48		49	50	51	52	53	54		55	56	
57	58		59	60	61	62	63	64		65	66
67		68	69	70		71	72	73	74	75	76
77	78		79	80		81	82		83	84	85
86		87	88	89		90	91	92	93	94	95
96		97	98	99		100	101	102		103	104
105	106	107	108	109		110	111	112	113		114
115	116		117	118	119	120	121	122			

Now, You Choose a Song

(Continued from page 13)

ays seems to be someone to complain
ut the record—to say it takes a world
patience to “stand their playing it so
sh.”

To newspaper, no magazine, no radio
gram lists songs a family should
w and sing together. Few indeed are
families that sing together. Even
five-and-ten-cent stores have abolished
ir song counters. At a public sale
family piano brings a lower price
n a kitchen chair.

When each of his children married,
father made her a gift of a piano
l a beautiful Bible. He told us,
Keep these right in your living room,
ere you'll have them handy when
I want to use them.”

Today, those Bibles and pianos are
ll in our living rooms. The backs and
aves of the Bibles show wear, and
legs and tops of the pianos show
ars made by little hands and feet.
ch has memories we wouldn't give up
the greatest fortune.

Sometimes when Henry, whose voice
tainly isn't a rich tenor or a deep
s, looks at them, he breaks into a
ag.

“When I grow too old to dream,
I'll have you to remember,” he sings.

I know that he is having some of the
me memories that I am having—of the
happiest days” of yesterday when our
piano was surrounded by five little chil-
en singing together—sometimes, their
ms around each other, sometimes,
anding on tiptoe “trying to reach high
tes.”

“The time to start a singing family
while you still hold your first baby
your arms while your wife plays the
companionment on the piano,” is the
vice Henry gave Robert, our oldest
n.

“Don't teach them la-la singing,”
Henry added. “That's an insult. Give
little time to teaching them the mean-
ing of the song so they'll love the
ords.”

Today, I have as one of my sweetest
emories a late afternoon when heaven
emed very close to my entire family.
Henry had stopped our family car at a
padside park so we could look at the
ur-away mountains, given a greater
eauty by the setting sun.

Suddenly Donald's little voice piped
p, “Daddy, sing ‘The Blue Ridge
ountains,’” he begged.

Together we sang the song that most
the people who sang years ago when
was popular have forgotten. After
at we sang as our evening prayer,

“Sun of my Soul, Thou Savior dear
It is not night if Thou be near.”

I have said that not only America
but our neighborhoods need singing fam-
ilies.

Our churches also need more singing
families. When you see the children of
the Wilson family singing with their
parents, something *causes* you to waken.

Immediately, the languid hold of the
hand you are using to keep the hymnal
open becomes a firm grip. You raise
your chin and start singing. Your hus-
band follows your lead. Soon your chil-
dren, too, are singing, and, though you
may not realize it, you and your family
are a beautiful influence in your church.

You have become a singing family,
worshiping God as did the ancient He-
brews with song.

* * *

Soon after the postman had finished
the delivery of mail on our street, I
heard screams outdoors. Before I was
outside the kitchen door, I was sure
the oldest son of the new family in the
house across the alley from our home was
striking one of his younger brothers.

One minute I was ready to try to make
him ashamed of playing the bully with
the younger children. The next minute
I thought of Alice Wilson. I called the
older brother and the two little ones to

*It's a fact: a “pavilion”
is literally a “butterfly.”*

the side veranda, and without asking
questions, gave each a glass of lemonade.

While they drank, I turned on Donald's
record player, and started humming
“Doggie in the Window,” currently his
favorite song.

In a minute the oldest boy started
singing. Soon we were a quartet, with
the youngest one, who had screamed,
now barking the “bow wows.”

Several times we sang the song, each
boy becoming happier as we sang. I
found some other records of songs they
knew, and after learning that the older
boy knew how to operate the tiny player,
I left them to sing until they grew
weary.

It isn't enough for us to train our own
children to sing. We must help train
those from homes where there is little
music, for not only America but the
whole world needs more singing. Through
song comes peace in a home.

In the same measure it will work for
peace in all places.

Let's Help Them Dream

(Continued from page 14)

as “O God, Our Help in Ages Past,”
“Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun,”
and “When I Survey the Wondrous
Cross.” Some of them are said to be
among the finest hymns in the English
language. Something else important
about Watts's hymns is that down
through the ages they have inspired many
persons to write hymns.

Let us suppose, however, that School-
master Watts had not encouraged young
Isaac that Sunday when he said he
thought the church music ought to be
changed.

How many “young Isaacs” today are
being scolded when they have an idea
that something about the church might
be made better? How many “young
Isaacs” are *not* being told “you give
us something better”?

To be sure, we do not want to en-
courage idle fault finding. We should,
nevertheless, lend an ear to anyone
who feels strongly in his heart that
something about the church might be
made better. Who knows what the
church of tomorrow will accomplish with
weekday religious instruction, denomina-
tional mergers, fellowship groups, and
the “every layman a minister” move-
ment? Who knows what changes and in-
novations may come in the church to
make “the family” the basic religious
unit?

Very likely the church of tomorrow will
be different in some respects from what it
is today. Even now, perhaps, “young
Isaacs” are dreaming of changes that
could be made in hymns, in the order of
worship, in the Sunday church school
curriculum, in the missionary program.
Perhaps “young Isaacs” are dreaming
of greater use of the “chapel on
wheels,” the youth caravan, the youth
camp, the vacation Bible school. Per-
haps “young Isaacs” are already saying
“That could be done better” or “This
needs so-and-so” or “Why couldn't there
be such-and-such?”

We want to encourage boys and girls
to dream, like young Isaac Watts did,
of a better way by which the church
can meet the needs of people. First,
however, we need to help boys and girls
get a background for dreaming—through
family worship, reading, attendance at
church, and participation in activities of
the church.

Notice that young Isaac Watts grew
up in a home where there was family
worship and study. He attended church
regularly. He developed an interest in
learning all he could about the Bible,
both at home and at church.

Today, when a “young Isaac” who
has a background for dreaming speaks
up, let's be like Schoolmaster Watts.
Let's listen patiently. Let's say, “You
give us something better!”

● The Meaning of Pachuco

(Continued from page 5.)

discipline children creatively, there will be little society can do with young people.

The teen-ager of today grew up in a time when parents allowed him plenty of freedom for "personal expression." If a child is to give himself wholesome expression, however, he needs parental help and guidance. He needs consistent discipline. It eliminates confusion in his mind. It shows him that there are others around and that he must learn to live with them. It teaches him co-operation and makes him less selfish.

There are certain areas in a child's life where the need for discipline and training is important. These would include:

1. Religious habits
2. Spending and saving money
3. Reading materials
4. The company he keeps
5. His school life

The responsible parent keeps up with his child. He does not say, "Oh, I can't control him." He lives with his child. He learns to understand and to be understood by the child. As his child's companion, he has an influence that makes positive guidance and discipline possible. He loves his child, and motivated by love, shows the child the way he should go.

Discipline is not old-fashioned. The question of lawless, restless young people logically enters the home. Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go. . . ." (Proverbs 22:6). Pachuco shows that parents still need to heed Solomon's advice.

● Out of Our Hearts

(Continued from page 8)

baby better—because he was born—inside of you!

"Do you know what I told Stevie?" John's voice was low and steady. "That the new baby was born out of you—but that he wasn't part of us the way Stevie is."

Part of us! She knew from John's tone that he was referring to what she had said that day in the house when she had first become concerned about his attitude toward Stevie and the new baby.

"I explained to Stevie that he grew out of you, too, but in a different way. That he grew out of both of us—out of our hearts—yours and mine. Last night they showed me the new baby."

He was talking directly to her now, asking her to understand all he had gone through. "I looked at the baby and suddenly I found myself remembering how you and I had been so lonesome—our hearts so empty—and it was Stevie who had come along to fill them. And then I knew that was why we loved him

so much, why no baby could take his place. I think Stevie understands now."

She saw Stevie's face. His dark eyes were filled with peace and contentment. She looked up at John then, understanding that he had gone through a deep emotional ordeal. It had made him probe deep for his true feelings and come to understand all that Stevie meant to him.

"Stevie and I were talking about what we'd call the baby, too," John said. "We thought of a lot of names. Tony, Peter, David—which do you like, Jan?"

"Have you a favorite?" she asked.

"We think Stevie and Peter sound good together." She saw John lift his arm, put it around Stevie's shoulders. She knew the name itself didn't matter any longer to John, only the fact that he was the father of two sons.

"Stevie and Peter sound good to me, too," she said, and leaned back to smile at them.



BIBLEGRAM Solution

(Biblegram on page 26)

"A disciple is not above his teacher, nor a servant above his master; it is enough for the disciple to be like his teacher, and the servant like his master." (Matthew 10:24-25)

The Words

A Private	L Ohio
B Ike	M Blemish
C Chips	N Montana
D Chinese	O Bluster
E Thick	P Violin
F Inches	Q Aster
G Leave	R Adore
H Beaver	S Assort
I Sight	T Rotate
J Earth	U Deeds
K Finish	V Teas

● Preparing Your Child for New Experience

(Continued from page 10)

barber placed a board across the chair and emphasized what fun the hair was going to be by swinging Douglas up in the air with a cheery "Whee!"

At the first sight of the scissors, however, Douglas winced. He squirmed uncomfortably. He looked as though he were ready to burst into tears, when the barber wisely laid down the scissors and substituted the clippers. He ran the clippers along the back of his neck saying, "That sounds just like an airplane, doesn't it?" Immediately Douglas smiled and repeated "airplane," pointing a stubby finger upward. By the time the barber was ready for the scissors, Douglas had his confidence restored. He was at ease.

"Zoom, zoom, zoom," buzzed the clippers. "Snip, snip, snip," sang the scissors.

When the barber had rubbed in the last bit of hair tonic and had combed the hair in real "he-man" fashion, a contented little toddler smiled up at me.

It could have been sheer imagination but it seems to me that when Douglas came out of that chair, he hiked his pants and straightened his shoulders. I thought to say, "This did the trick—I'm a man of the house now." The important thing was that the first trip to the barber shop resulted in a pleasant experience.

By preparing a child beforehand for what he should expect, the confidence and co-operation of the child can be gained.

When our daughter Carolyn was a small girl, I prepared her for the dentist by taking her with me several times. When she observed that I trusted him and that a pleasant relationship existed between us, she, too, had faith in him.

"Would you like to have the dentist look at your teeth sometime?" I asked. She seemed reluctant. After the next trip with me, however, he spoke to her a few minutes and won her confidence. This was paving the way for the examination, although she was still a little hesitant about getting into the chair for any dental work.

At home we practiced saying "A-h-h" together.

"How does it sound when he cleans my teeth?" I asked her.

"B-z-z-z," she answered.

When the dentist finally examined her teeth, she was prepared for the examination. She was not frightened. Her teeth required no actual dental work. If, however, in the future, she should require work that might be painful, she shall be honest with her and tell her mother it will hurt a little.

It is imperative that we retain confidence in our youngsters that have built up. It takes little effort to prepare a child honestly for a new experience, but it takes a long time to regain his confidence once it is lost.



Family Counselor

WE HAVE three children, five years, four years, and nine months. Last year the oldest two attended a combination nursery school-kindergarten, operated by a young mother who seems to understand children but who is somewhat less cautious than I. Our four-year-old apparently enjoyed attending although she seemed exhausted afterward. She is an extremely active child. After our son's birth she did not wish to go to school and we did not force her to do so. After three months she asked to return, and got along well for a few days until an older boy who constantly teased and pushed her returned from an illness. Both of our children are timid; I have, mistakenly, I fear, taught them that hitting and teasing are unkind. The teacher seemed to think our four-year-old was using the teasing of the larger boys as an excuse not to attend, although I found when the same situation occurred at Sunday school and she was moved back to her original class, she was eager for Sundays to come.

This year I feel that the five-year-old must attend kindergarten. I feel that she needs the contacts with other children as she will be going to school soon. The two girls are inseparable. The four-year-old has already protested against school, though when she stays home while her sister goes, she sits in a chair and sucks her thumb until her sister returns. I cannot persuade her to play with the few neighbor children, though she usually enjoys this. After the baby came we had many problems with the four-year-old, but extra love and attention seem to have conquered them. Since the baby began crawling over the house, she seems a little disturbed.

Should I insist that my four-year-old attend school, leave her home, or let her wait awhile?

CERTAINLY can appreciate your concern as to what you should do with respect to your four-year-old's attending school this fall. As a rule, it is not wise to force a child of this age to attend kindergarten, and I doubt very much that you should do so in this case. At the same time, a child who likes kindergarten can learn a great deal attending one and it would be fine if your daughter could get to the place where of her own accord she decides to go. There is a sense, however, in which children develop a state of readiness for something like this and that feeling of readiness cannot be forced. Nevertheless, there is no reason why you should not encourage her

to go. You may, for example, try to provide situations that will help her to want to go. For example, if you know one or two children of her age who are going, you may want to have them in your home for a play time with her, making sure that there is adequate supervision to ensure that all have a pleasant time. The teacher or teachers in the kindergarten might come into your home and get better acquainted with your daughter. It may be possible even to let her visit the kindergarten occasionally to see if she wants to attend. In all these efforts to encourage attendance, however, guard against putting too much pressure upon her. If she just doesn't want to go, make the best of it, realizing that in another year she may be ready to attend. Be patient with her and help her realize that you understand and sympathize with her feelings.

WILBUR



"Just two bases—remember that's a ground rules double!"

• Heidi and the Little Wild Bunny

(Continued from page 18.)

"I wonder what is in there," Heidi whispered to her mother.

Just then the bushes moved again, and Heidi's eyes grew big and round with surprise.

"I'll look and see," Heidi's mother said, as she stepped over and pushed a large bush aside. There nestled in the soft, warm grass was a fluffy, brown bunny.

"Why, it's a little, wild bunny," said Heidi's mother. She leaned over to pick up the trembling bunny. "I think he has hurt his front foot."

"Why is he shaking so?" Heidi asked.

"He's afraid we might hurt him," replied her mother. "But if we speak softly and stroke him gently, he will soon learn we won't harm him."

"Can we take him home and keep him?" Heidi asked eagerly.

Heidi's mother smiled. "We can take him home, but after his foot is well, we must let him go back to his own home and family."

Heidi was very thoughtful. "Yes, I suppose he would be happier in his own home."

They took the little brown bunny home and kept him until his foot was well. Heidi had great fun feeding the bunny every morning and evening. When it was time to let the bunny go, Heidi was very sad.

"I would like to keep him always," she said.

"Perhaps he will come back to see you because you have been so kind to him," said her mother.

And that is just what happened. Every few days all through the summer a little brown bunny ate his breakfast right near Heidi's bedroom window. When Heidi went out to see him, the little bunny didn't run away, and Heidi knew it was the same bunny she had taken care of. In the winter when the deep snow covered the soft, green grass, Heidi put lettuce leaves and carrots on the front porch for her friend, the little, brown bunny.

• Nature Invites You to Go on a Treasure Hunt

(Continued from page 24.)

Will man ever achieve the grace of a swallow, the endurance of the albatross, the poise of the humming bird, the homing instinct of the dove, the implicit trust of the sparrow? Read Song of Solomon 2:11, 12; Psalm 84:3; Jeremiah 8:7; Matthew 6:26.

There are birds near you—perhaps only park pigeons and neighborhood sparrows. They, too, are God's crea-

tures. Get acquainted with them. If you live in the country, you will know some birds of the field and forest. Observe them. Birds are migrating in the spring; consequently, you can see many more kinds now than you can during the nesting season.

Watch for migrating flocks of ducks and geese. Note their formations. Listen for their calls at night. Often they will pass over cities, especially near bodies of water. If you have a yard or a garden, put up a wren house in a tree near a window, or under the eaves of the porch. Bird neighbors add a new dimension to your outlook on life.

Birds do most of their singing in the early morning—a salutation of the dawn! Unless you live in the center of a metropolis, you can enjoy the luxury of a concert in bed by simply being awake half an hour before sunrise! How many of the artists do you recognize?

The song of the thrush, the call of the catbird, the melancholy notes of the cuckoo and the dove, the delicate eerie call of the pewee are unforgettable. For they carry a meaning, not only in the society of their species, but also in that universal language wherein all of God's creatures join each day to sing his praises from pole to pole.

"How great are thy works, O LORD!

Thy thoughts are very deep!

The dull man cannot know,
the stupid cannot understand
this..."

—Psalm 92:5-6

• The Friendship Hobby

(Continued from page 5)

magazines and reading material. Your friends no doubt will be glad to let you have their magazines after they have read them. Many other simple plans for carrying good cheer and remembrances to lonely shut-ins will occur to you. Some of the shut-ins might even want to become acquainted with other members of your hobby group by correspondence, by telephone visits, or through your introductions. There can be no limit to the joys and interesting adventures of a Friendship Hobby for yourself, or to the heart-warming experiences, contacts, and newly awakened interests in the lives of the shut-ins to be found in this kind of a spare-time occupation. A Friendship Hobby Club's slogan should be:

A word of cheer, a smile to give,
To help some lonely person live;
A pat on the back for someone blue,
Seems such a little thing to do;
But it means a lot to one in need,
Of a friendly hand, or a loving deed.
So write a note, or make a call
On some shut-in, either big or small;
And the Friendship Hobby you will find
Is the most worth while of any kind.

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LET'S READ



Readers who like their novels to come from generations will be interested in a new novel written by an English author, Geraldine Symons, *All Souls*. (Published by Longmans, Green, and Co. London, New York, Toronto, 328 pages. Price, \$2.50.) Five generations of the Abercorn family, in its migrations from England to Australia to China and back to England, are portrayed with considerable skill and beauty. Although not written to "support a cause," it does exalt the importance of the individual and his right to develop along the lines of his greatest possibilities. Although certainly not written as a religious novel, it does, nevertheless, carry a strong note of religious faith.

♦ ♦ ♦

Walter Russell Bowie, whose book *The Story of the Bible* has been popular for years with young people, has now given us *The Bible Story for Boys and Girls, New Testament*. (Published by Abingdon Press, New York, Nashville. 160 pages. Price, \$2.50.) Written for a younger audience than his earlier book, it will be a delight to them in its simple and effective style. The book is beautifully illustrated with nineteen full-color plates and many black and white drawings. It may be read in the family circle or individually with equal interest. The author is preparing a companion volume on the Old Testament, which will be looked for with eagerness.

♦ ♦ ♦

Paul Popenoe, a well-known authority in the field of marriage relationships and counseling, has written a helpful book for married couples, *Marriage Is What You Make It*. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York, 221 pages. Price, \$3.00.) Out of his wide experience as director of the Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, he offers tried and tested principles for meeting many types of marriage problems. He points out many of the pitfalls which lie in the path of even the most "ideal" marriage in order that most of them may be

avoided or successfully "waded through." Most of our readers will feel that he has not given religion and Christian faith a large enough place in the process of truly "making the two to become one."

♦ ♦ ♦

The religious note which is missing in Popenoe's book is struck with firmness in Leland Foster Woods's *How Love Grows in Marriage*. (Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. 183 pages. Price, \$2.50.) The author was for many years secretary of the Commission on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches. He writes not only out of experience in observation and counseling but also out of his own forty years of maturing happiness in marriage. He writes out of the conviction, shared by his wife, that the greatest happiness in marriage is not found during or shortly after the honeymoon, but in the rich maturity of the later years.

♦ ♦ ♦

Probably the most complete and widely used modern work on marriage relationships is Henry A. Bowman's *Marriage for Moderns*. (Published by Whittlesey House, New York. 544 pages. Price, \$5.00.) The first edition of this volume went through eleven printings and has now been revised and brought up-to-date. The book is used widely as a textbook for college classes on marriage and home building. Prof. Bowman is the head of the department of home and marriage relationships at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri. In this book, written primarily for young people taking courses in marriage problems, Mr. Bowman answers their questions about dating, petting, courtship, marriage with its many adjustments, childbirth, and divorce. He deals with the problems not purely from a physiological point of view but emphasizes the importance of the spiritual and social aspects. Here is a good book for churches to have in their libraries, but one also from which parents will gain much important and accurate information.

Teen-agers who are puzzled about themselves and parents who also are wondering what it is all about, will find help in Nevin C. Harner's *About Myself*. (Published by the Christian Education Press, Philadelphia. 133 pages. Price, \$1.75.) Harner writes with a humor that will appeal to both teen-agers and parents. He has long been active in the Christian education of young people, and this book is the fruit of his experience and work in the field. Parents could well put this book in the hands of their adolescents and could profit by stealing a glance or two at it themselves.

It's a fact: the word "pansy" comes from a Latin verb "pensare," meaning "to think"

● A Nonsense Party

(Continued from page 15.)

expect, but no shenanigans with the refreshments themselves. If you sit at the table, put the plates upside down, the silverware fastened together, and napkins tied to the backs of the chairs, which are also upside down. Your centerpiece could be made of fresh vegetables and their greenery. For some more hilarity get tricky favors from a novelty store, such as rubber chewing gum, several glasses that leak, imitation mouse, and flowers that squirt water. Make the main dish something different that you want to spring as a surprise. If you want just an intriguing dessert, put half a canned apricot, rounded side up, on a slice of vanilla ice cream. These "fried eggs," served with cookies or cake will call for seconds, and you'll get a big cheer for the happiest party of the year.



Over the Back Fence



Lovett

● Help for Working Mothers

There were five-and-one-half million working mothers in the United States in 1953. There are undoubtedly many more today. Two million of those working mothers had one or more children under six years of age.

Good or not, like it or not, we are going to have working mothers with us for a long time. The basic reason why mothers work is economic necessity. Only seventeen per cent of the wives of husbands who earn \$5000 or more a year work outside the home. Until the economic necessity for mothers working is removed, we will probably see an increase in this group which amounted to thirty-three per cent of women in the labor force who were mothers of children under eighteen years of age.

What can the church and its Christian women do to minister to this group? Certainly, one vital program of help would be a church-sponsored system of day nurseries to care for the under-six children of those two million working mothers.

Many, probably most, of these two million cannot afford to pay the high rates of private day nurseries. They could share in the expense of church-sponsored programs which would ease their minds of worry and would provide a constructive answer to the needs of the children themselves. In addition it would be a vivid illustration of the church which in truth is trying to live in the midst of its community as "one who served."

Hearthstone would like to know about such church-sponsored day nurseries. It would like to describe

Statistics taken from "1955 Facts Folder," by Richard E. Lentz. Copyright by the National Council of Churches and used by permission.

how they are set up, financed, staffed, and what type of programs they conduct. Can you provide the information that will lead to such a story?

● Some Startling Figures

1955 Facts Folder also contains these startling figures. There are 40,000 boys in the United States between the ages of 14 and 17 who are listed as husbands in our Census Reports. Over 232,000 girls in the same age bracket are listed as wives! In this same age group there are also over 6,000 girls who have been married and are already divorced at least once! Oddly enough no divorced boys are included in this age group.

The eighteen- to nineteen-year bracket takes a big jump upward. Over 166,000 young men are married and over 640,000 young women! To complete the picture, over 4,000 males in this age group are already divorced, and over 18,000 females have broken marriage ties.

These figures raise some interesting questions.

Do we call persons under 17 who are married girls and boys, or do we think of them as adults?

Just where would we put them if they came to our churches and enrolled in our church schools?

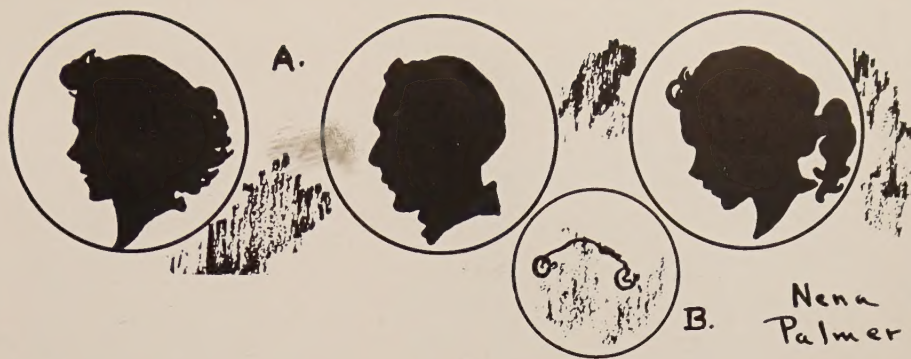
Are they in our church schools and if not, why?

What does this mean for our programs of education for Christian family life? Are we starting early enough? Are we being realistic enough in them?

Hearthstone does not have the answers; but we do believe we need to try to find some of the answers. For there is every reason to think that we will see increases in all of the above figures in the years that are ahead.

Who has a word to say that will bring light to this problem?

NENA
PALMER



Silhouette Your Friends

Making silhouettes is always good sport—whether your family, or your “gang,” or your class. I’ll always remember the good fun you had while we were making them—and, if they are mounted permanently, they can be a surprisingly different and interesting decoration for any room.

The sketch shows you how to make the original silhouette.

The basic principle, as you probably know, is to have a person seated a few feet from a strong, undimmed light bulb, with a sheet of fairly thin paper between his face. The light will throw a sharp, clear black silhouette on the paper, and all you need to

do is draw around it with a pencil! Of course, the paper should not be too thin. It is a good idea to make a frame for the paper. This is easily done by cutting a hole about ten inches square from the side of a heavy grocery carton. Tape or thumb-tack the paper to this, and it’s ready to use! Put the frame on a steady surface and have someone hold the top while the “artist” is at work.

Draw with a soft pencil, such as those used in a newspaper office.

After the head is outlined, take the paper from the frame, and even up any irregular lines.

While one person is drawing, another can take the finished outlines and “trace” them on black construction paper. A good way to do this is to lay the paper on an even, soft surface, such as a folded newspaper. Then evenly go over the outline with a sharp-pointed, hard pencil. This will form a grooved outline on the black paper, which will be easy to cut around.

These paper silhouettes can be then pasted on bright pieces of construction paper, signed, and tacked in a row along the wall.

For a more permanent job cut circles ten inches in diameter from plywood with a hand-coping saw, sand the edges smooth, and enamel the wood. Then trace around the original drawings, putting a sheet of carbon paper on the wood. Fill in the silhouettes with black enamel. Fig. A shows the results.

Two small screw eyes fastened to the back of each plaque (fig. B) make them easy to hang on the wall.



a LAYMAN speaks



OUR men's group was floundering through the devotional part of its meeting until I suggested that we use *The Secret Place*. A tone of strength and sureness was immediately apparent.

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